

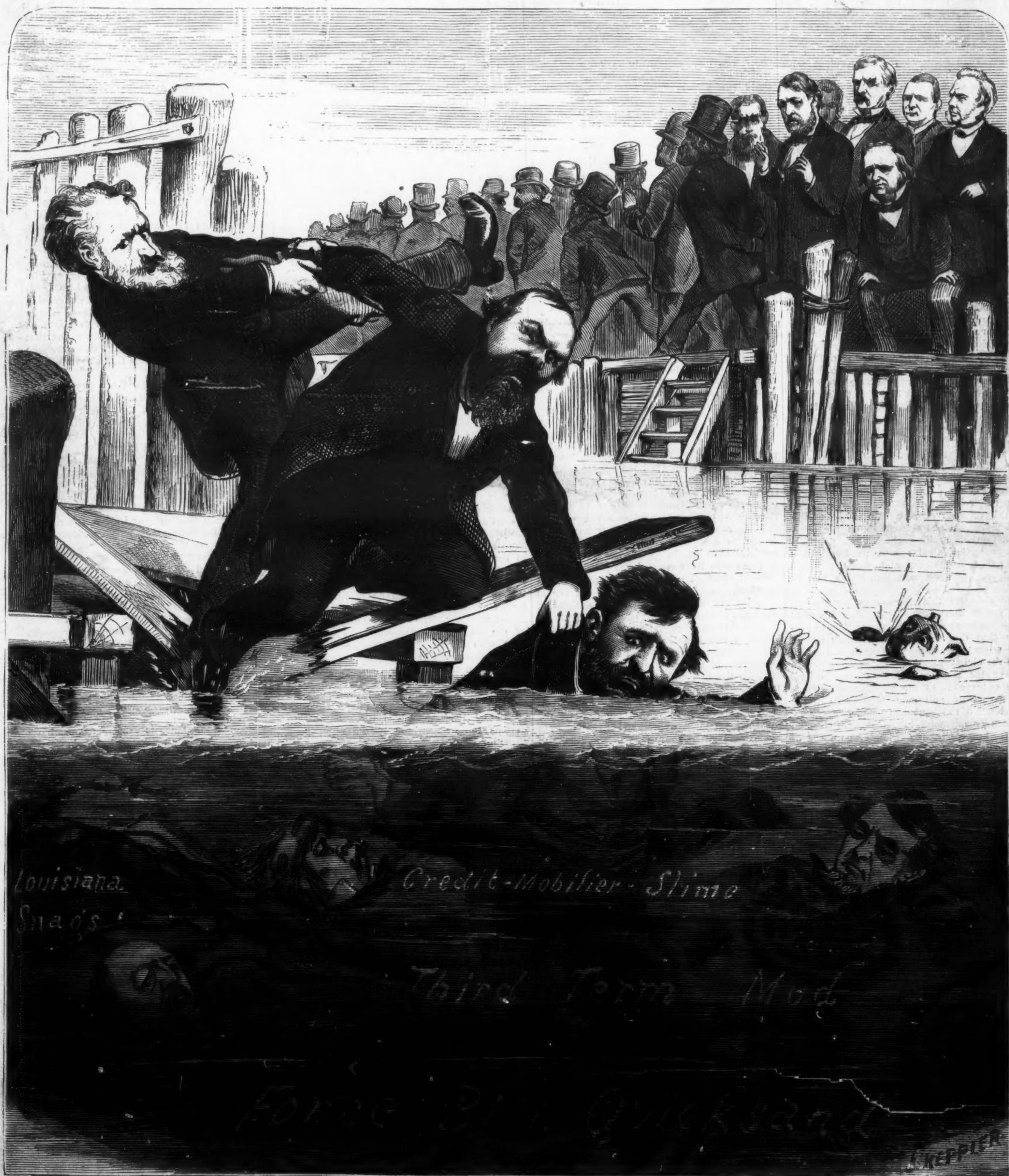
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 1,018—Vol. XL.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1875.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



A HOPELESS CASE.

MORTON—"Hold on to me, Conkling, or I shall lose my life trying to save this fellow. Why is it we cannot rescue him?"

CONKLING—"Confound him, he's a dead weight. I'm afraid we shall all perish with him—everything, I feel, is giving way."

U. S. G.—"I am stuck fast in the mud and quicksand. Will nobody help me? Where are all my friends? Keep my head afloat and I'll pay you well. If I could only get hold of that Connecticut plank I might save myself."

WILSON, BLAINE, AND OTHER OLD FRIENDS (looking on with indifference or walking away)—"Connecticut plank or not, that obstinate chap is beyond our help. If he drowns with those dead men, 'twill be his own fault. Self-preservation is the first law of Nature—let's leave him to his fate."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

667 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1875.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers . . . \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers . . . 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks . . . 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address,
\$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

POSTAGE FREE.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest
established illustrated newspaper in America.

GOVERNMENT BY FATIGUE.

OWING to the complexity of our modern civilization, there is a constant danger that the most salient facts, even where they are not entirely overlooked by the superficial observer, and where they are seen to be symptomatic of the political situation, will at least often fail to make an impression correspondent with the real depth of their significance, and the full extent of their logical relations. And if a species of political indifference and helplessness is thus begotten by the very multiplicity of the forces which enter into the constitution of modern society, it does not need to be said that this spirit of *insouciance* and despondency is greatly intensified in times of political change and revolution, when the scenes of the political drama are shifted with a celerity which confuses the sight and bewilders the judgment of the common spectator.

It is only some such considerations as these which can account for the apparent patience and composure with which the people of the United States have recently regarded the strange spectacle presented to their eyes by the panorama of Louisiana politics. We do not now refer to the military aggressions made upon the rights of the Louisiana people from the day when a Governor and a Legislature were placed over them, not by their own free choice, but by the power of the Federal soldiery, acting in obedience to the orders of President Grant. We refer rather to the fact that the citizens of that State have lately been invited by the President to accept their rulers, both Legislative and Executive, at the hands of a Committee of the House of Representatives, to whose "arbitration" we are told the questions in issue have been referred, by way of amendment to the resolutions of Kellogg, the decrees of Durell, and the dispatches of Sheridan. As nothing can more strikingly illustrate the despair of the Louisiana people than the reluctant consent which some of them have been coerced into giving to this most iniquitous proposition, so, on the other hand, there is nothing which more painfully betrays the political apathy produced by a long period of "storm and pressure" than the degree of unconcern with which a large portion of the American people are now able to contemplate this anomalous proceeding. And yet it would seem that even the most heedless observer could hardly neglect to perceive that the times must be sadly out of joint when such a novel wrench and strain upon the civil institutions of the country can be accepted as a relief from enormities still more outrageous to the popular conscience, and from woes still more intolerable in the experience of the Louisiana people.

When Themistocles, in the name of Grecian liberty, but really in pursuit of gain and of his own selfish ambition, was once led to impose a grievous exaction on the people of Andros, and actually laid military siege to their principal town, he enforced his claim with the insulting words that "the money must needs be paid, as the Athenians had brought with them two mighty gods—Persuasion and Necessity." It was in vain that the miserable Andrians sought to appease the rapacity of this military statesman by representing that they were wretchedly poor, and were cursed by "two very unprofitable gods, known as Poverty and Helplessness." The Athenian commander adhered to his purpose without pity and without remorse.

It would be presuming too much upon the historic studies of President Grant to suppose that in dealing with the people of Louisiana he had borrowed inspiration from this bad precedent of Themistocles in dealing with the people of Andros, though it must be admitted that the parallel between the two cases is quite complete. Themistocles had been able in his day, as President Grant has been able in his, to render the most signal services to his country by a successful military career; but those services did not prevent him, as a civil ruler, from proving in the end an enemy to the peace and welfare of his countrymen, nor have they saved him from the denunciations of history—at least, outside of the purple pages of Plutarch—as a practiced adept in low cunning, and a master in the arts of political intrigue.

It was among the complaints brought by our Revolutionary sires against King George the Third that some of the methods by which he harassed the legislative bodies of the several colonies seemed to have been invented for "the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures." These methods

are everywhere the resorts of tyranny, and the fatigue of oppression is everywhere the precursor of that political desperation which ends in the tame surrender of civil liberty where it does not end in the violent outbursts of an insurgent patriotism.

The people of Louisiana have been sufficiently warned by their painful experience that they must not only relinquish the right of selecting their own rulers, but that the right of revolution, admitted to be inherent in every other people subjected to a like oppression, must not, and, consistently with our theory of popular and federative government cannot, be exercised by them for the purpose of shaking off a confessed usurpation. And hence it is that the whole country is called to witness the last strange act of the tragedy which President Grant and his abettors have played before the American people in the management of the Louisiana complication. Hence the umpirage invoked at the hands of a committee of Congress while General Sheridan sits supreme at New Orleans, and brandishes his sabre full in the faces of the Louisiana people, as the acknowledged master of the situation. Hence the passage of a resolution through the House of Representatives, meant to strengthen Kellogg in the possession of the gubernatorial chair which he is known to have usurped, and which he holds to-day only by the ominous coalition of Federal force with domestic fraud. Hence the going and the coming of committees, and of delegations running to and fro between Washington and New Orleans, to regulate a matter which falls under their jurisdiction no more rightfully than it would fall within the jurisdiction of the Great Khan of Tartary or of the Turkish Divan. Hence the transfer of these negotiations in which the liberties and the rights of a sovereign State are at stake, even to the city of New York, where we have seen the Congressional Committee which has assumed the protectorate of Louisiana holding its sessions in the office of the Hon. William Walter Phelps, at No. 26 in Exchange Place. And all these transactions are just as extra-judicial and just as subversive of American civil government in their relation to Louisiana as if the claim of Governor Tilden to the chair he fills at Albany, and the title by which the members of our Legislature hold their seats, were remitted to the advice of a majority of the House of Representatives and to the arbitration of a committee sitting alternately at Washington and New Orleans.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

Far be it for us to inveigh against the Committee of Congress because it has undertaken the thankless task of disentangling and, if possible, of reknitting the raveled threads of the Gordian knot which General Grant has cut with his sword. Far be it from us to censure the afflicted people of Louisiana because, under the duress of Federal force, they have been driven to accept a small measure of their rights at alien hands. But what shall be said of those who have created the political situation out of which such anomalies spring? And how long can civil liberty hope to survive in America if such portentous violations of right are to stand recorded for precedents?

The Governor of Arkansas has recently issued a proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving to be celebrated by the people of that State in testimony of their gratitude to God for the merciful deliverance vouchsafed to them in the defeat of the designs meditated against their peace and freedom by President Grant. Those designs were, indeed, of the most revolutionary nature, and if they had not been thwarted by the action of the House of Representatives, they could not have failed to work the extinction of popular liberty in still another State of the Federal Union. But what shall be said of the complexion to which things have come at last in these United States, when, on the eve of the commemoration of the centennial anniversary of American Independence, we actually find the Governor of one of our States calling upon his fellow-citizens to return thanks for the "crowning mercy" of President Grant's recent political discomfiture, as if it were a foreign foe from whose spoils they had just been delivered? And how great must be the strides which our Caesar has taken in the path of his ambition when even the Senate which has hitherto followed at his heels is found to recoil from the Rubicon over which he sought to push his legions by the passage of the Force Bill?

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

THE election which takes place in the State of Connecticut on Monday, the 5th of April, has more than local importance from the significance that cannot fail to be attached throughout the whole country to the political complexion of its result. The electoral contests held at this season in States like New Hampshire and Connecticut are naturally regarded with special interest by the leaders of the two great parties contending for supremacy, as being a sort of *reconnoissances* in force, well suited to feel the strength and test the temper of the enemy preliminary to the grand engagement which shall be ultimately joined along the whole front of battle. Having succeeded in making a very slight impression upon the skirmish lines of the Democratic army in New Hampshire, the Republicans,

it is said, will now make a desperate effort to carry the first entrenchment of the coming campaign by dislodging the Democrats from the position they already hold in the State of Connecticut. To this end, it is reported that large sums of money have been raised by the President's friends in Washington and elsewhere for the purpose of helping in this quarter to retrieve the political fortunes of the Republican Party, which, after having been sadly demoralized in more than the military sense of that term, was called to suffer a panic rout in the last Autumnal contest.

It was to be expected that in the inevitable ebbs and flows of public opinion in a country like ours there should be at some point the signs of a slight reaction against the force or direction of the last year's "tidal wave." If there were no sufficient reasons for such a partial revulsion to be found in the changed attitude of the Administration at Washington, there were at least some local reasons, which we have already explained to our readers, why the Democrats of New Hampshire could have hardly expected to hold at all points the vantage-ground they had gained in their previous struggle. In fact, it may be justly said that the slight reverse which they were called to suffer at one or two points is more than offset by the practical gains they have made upon questions of national interest—as seen in the fact that they have a majority of votes in the aggregate of the Congressional Districts, and that they have strengthened their representation in Congress by the addition of another member.

There are, however, good reasons for believing that the people of Connecticut will take no step backwards, and still less that they will present a change of front as they shall emerge from the approaching canvass. The State of Connecticut has long been known as "the land of steady habits." Her people are as much remarkable for the solidity of their characters as for the vivacity of their intelligence. As their commercial relations have tended rather towards New York than to Boston, so their political opinions have more often been in sympathy with the Knickerbocker conservatism than with the typical radicalisms of the Puritan mind in the domain of politics.

And certainly there is nothing in the present aspect of our Federal politics which would seem to justify a popular reaction in favor of President Grant or of the Republican Party, whether that party be conceived as tied to his personal fortunes in the coming Presidential election, or whether, as in some of its exemplars (General Hawley, for instance) it shall seek to propitiate the popular favor by cutting itself loose from the entanglements of "the third-term," and from commitments to those extreme measures which the President's friends vainly sought to extort at the hands of Congress.

Just as little does there seem to be any reason why the people of Connecticut should be dissatisfied with the Democratic administration of the State during the past year. Governor Ingersoll has vindicated his claim to the renewed confidence of his fellow-citizens as well by his faithful discharge of his duties as by his conceded intelligence and his unquestioned integrity. The Legislature in the hands of the Democratic majority has conducted itself with a befitting moderation—showing in this respect a better as well as a wiser spirit than that of their Democratic *confrères* in the Granite State.

Among the gentlemen placed by the Democrats of Connecticut in nomination for the next House of Representatives it cannot be invidious to signalize for special remark the name of the Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, of the Norwich District, now represented by Mr. Starkweather. Mr. Foster won for himself an enviable reputation by his long career as a Senator of the United States, and embodies alike in his private and his public character those honorable traits and solid qualities which the people of Connecticut have ever delighted to honor in the persons of their representatives at Washington. It is no disparagement to Mr. Starkweather to say that the seat he now fills in the House of Representatives would receive a large accession of dignity if Mr. Foster should become its incumbent.

With regard to the nominee of the Republicans for the office of Governor, we are glad to believe that, on personal grounds, nothing deserves to be said except by way of commendation. Untried as yet by the responsibilities of any high political position, Mr. Greene must suffer, in this respect at least, by a comparison with his competitor, and we understand that he has made himself specially conspicuous for his patronage of President Grant's recent dealings with the people of Louisiana. It would indeed be singular if the people of Connecticut should select this precise moment to give to the President's Louisiana policy the *quasi* indorsement it would receive from the election of Mr. Greene, when even the most determined among the supporters of the President in the Senate of the United States are seen to shrink from that degree of condescension.

We can well understand the solicitude manifested by the President's retainers at Washington in the issue of the impending election. The stake for which they play has other proportions than those that meet the eye of "the average voter," and hence the fun is which, it is said, they are raising for "electioneering

purposes" in that State. They mean to play with loaded dice, and evidently do not belong to that order of philanthropists who "do good and lend, hoping for nothing again."

THE CANAL RING.

GOVERNOR TILDEN has opened fire on the Canal Ring. The Governor, in his various dealings with Tweed and his confederates, has shown his ability to deal with Rings; and no Ring that ever existed in this country, the Tweed Ring not excepted, has had the power wielded by the present Canal Ring. We may, perhaps, leave out the Grant Ring at Washington, but that, though superior in brute force and bulk, is in cunning and artistic skill not to be compared with our Canal Ring. If Governor Tilden and Mr. Davis succeed in doing any serious damage to the Canal Ring, they, of all mortals at Albany, will have done good work for their constituents.

What is the Canal Ring, and what has it done? The Canal Ring is the name given to a confederacy of contractors who have managed to get and hold the inside track in all matters connected with the construction, maintenance and repairs of the nine hundred miles of canals owned by the State of New York. These men have organized an empire within an empire. So far as canal matters are concerned, they govern the State of New York, and have governed it for years. After a fashion they keep up the canals; but, on an average, for every dollar they spend they make the people pay them two or three. They spend money unnecessarily, and they take care always to have plenty to do. The total expenses on account of the canals now range from three to five million dollars a year. The receipts from tolls are about three millions, and the rest is taken out of the pockets of the people in the shape of taxes. To some individuals these amounts may seem insignificant. Since the war, people have fallen into the habit of talking glibly of tens and hundreds of millions, like a party of astronomers discussing the distance of the fixed stars. There are people who think the moon is about as far off as the sun, or the dog-star, for that matter, but if they had to walk over the course they would realize that even a million is a good round sum.

Perhaps nine men out of ten pay taxes all their lives without knowing it. Like a donkey going round in a circle, they think they are getting ahead while they are only helping to make brick. The people of the State of New York contribute two or three millions annually towards the support of the Canal Ring, and get in return only a shocking bad canal. And why, the glibless reader may ask, do we hear so little of this Canal Ring in politics? Just because the Canal Ring is a most important part of both political parties. It contributes its money freely, controls tens of thousands of votes, has its delegates in every convention, its representatives in every Senate and Assembly, and its tools in every place where they can be serviceable. You hear no mention of the Canal Ring in a political convention, just as the pious Catholics in Spain heard nothing of the doings of the Inquisition in the discourses delivered every Sunday from the pulpits of the orthodox Church.

There are plenty of men who know all about the Canal Ring—men who hate it, have been used by it, have suffered from it, and who would gladly have revenge. But these "sore-heads" do not control conventions or the Legislature, and consequently though much is said, nothing is done. For years things have been going on about as they are going now. Last Winter, however, Assemblyman Davis, of Washington County, created a little stir by attacking the Ring with figures, and now the Governor vigorously reinforces him. The doings of the "Canal thieves," as they have been called, are now likely to receive a more thorough ventilation than will be comfortable for the contractors. Tweed and Connolly shed denunciation as a duck does water, but when it came to be a matter of figures, the difference between grass and stone was recognized.

Governor Tilden's special message contains a clear and full account of the processes by which the State is swindled by canal contractors under the forms of law. The duty which now devolves on the Legislature is twofold. First, the books and documents in the office of the Canal Auditor, such of them as have not been destroyed or stolen, must be examined, and the details and methods of the swindling contracts laid open to the public, with names and dates. The press will do its part in spreading the information. Publicity is the greatest safeguard we have under our form of government, and the press has the high and noble office of wielding this weapon, so potent for offense and defense. In the second place, the Legislature must devise some plan of protection for the public against a repetition of the frauds. The Constitutional Commission devised a far better plan of management for the canals than that which has turned out so miserable a failure, but this work of the Commission was easily destroyed by the Ring through their power in the Legislature. The plan of the Constitutional Commission, providing for the appointment of responsible officials by the Governor in place of the State Engineer and Commissioners now nominated

by the Ring, and elected by the people. The Auditor of the Canal Department, who is nominated by the Governor, is invariably an honest and independent man. The Engineer and Commissioners, who are nominated by political conventions manipulated by the Ring, are almost always tools of the Ring. The grand fault of the political constitution of the Empire State is that too many offices are made elective. Where twenty, thirty or forty men are to be voted for at one election for as many offices, the average voter can have no idea of the qualifications of most of them for the offices to which they aspire. No one outside of the Canal Ring pays any particular attention to the candidates for Canal Commissioner, unless in some exceptional instance, and consequently men acceptable to the Ring are usually nominated by both parties. Even when a hue and cry is raised against some candidate of the Ring on the Democratic ticket, the only effect is to give a larger majority to the tool of the Ring who happens to be on the Republican ticket. Whoever is elected, the Ring wins. This has been the experience of the last thirty years, and will be, we fear, for the rest of the century, unless Governor Tilden and Mr. Davis succeed in overthrowing the oligarchy, as we hope they will. Would that we could write some other word than hope!

THE LOTOS CLUB AND ITS PRESIDENT.

THE blustering month of March closes, happily, with the grand reception of the Lotos Club at the Academy of Music in this city. On this occasion, the second of the kind, a brilliant company, representing the most distinguished elements of society, fashionable, literary, scientific and political, fills the Academy. The adjacent Club House, too, is bright and attractive with paintings, and a charming display of flowers.

The Lotos Club, from a comparatively feeble beginning in 1870, is now one of the most conspicuous and successful institutions of its sort in the city. Its great success dates from the time when Mr. Whitelaw Reid was elected to its presidency. It is true that it had previously been a delightful place of resort for the younger class of literary men, for artists and for actors, but it struggled with difficulties, manfully mastering them, however, and maintained its existence against all obstacles. When Mr. Reid was chosen as its President, it gained a new lease of life, and a new point of departure. His vigorous and suggestive mind, his affable manners and his executive ability soon brought the Lotos Club up to its present condition of harmony, geniality, activity and influence. It is not the least of Mr. Reid's titles to remembrance that he has so successfully accomplished a task of so much difficulty.

The career of Mr. Whitelaw Reid in New York has from the start been a brilliant one. Coming here at Horace Greeley's request to assist him in the editorship of the *Tribune*, Mr. Reid speedily leaped into a position of consequence, even before the death of his great patron. When that sad event occurred, and the *Tribune*, without a head, was in doubtful straits, Mr. Reid's energy, fertility of resource, dexterous literary talent, and rare executive ability soon brought order out of chaos, and in the natural course of things he stepped into the editorial chair left vacant by the illustrious journalist. The history of the *Tribune's* prosperity and development since Mr. Reid's supreme editorship is too well known to the country, and the result is too highly regarded by all intelligent men of whatever party, to require, on our part, an attempt to record it. Mr. Reid has made the *Tribune* substantially a new paper, extending its field, introducing many new features, and especially compelling popular attention by the fullness, variety, excellence and literary finish of its reports of scientific, religious and social occurrences. The *Tribune's* departure in this direction constituted a new feature in American journalism.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid is still a young man in the fresh bloom of his faculties. He has, we hope, still before him a long career of usefulness. His first striking accomplishment as a journalist was in writing his celebrated "Agate" letters for a Cincinnati newspaper. With other letters, these especially attracted the attention of Horace Greeley, and it was to the interest they awakened in that great journalist that Mr. Reid's subsequent connection with the *Tribune* was due. Chief-Justice Chase was also the firm friend of Mr. Reid, bestowing upon him a full share of his confidence. Mr. Reid's capacity as an author and military critic was shown in his elaborate history of "Ohio in the War," a work which involved much research and displayed a skillful use of a vast mass of material. It is a heavy octavo, and will long be cherished in the archives of the State and the memories of its citizens. These scant references to the facts of Mr. Reid's career show how full it has been of labor and success.

Mr. Reid has proved an admirable President of the Lotos Club in every respect. He has maintained pleasant relations with the members without a single exception. All the receptions of foreigners distinguished in art, letters or politics, he has made brilliant successes by his urbanity, readiness and grace. He has been present to welcome every illus-

trious visitor, and his addresses of introduction have been always neat and felicitous, his little speech at the reception of King Kalakaua, for instance, being one of the most apt that that dusky monarch listened to in this country. Mr. Reid is always equal to the occasion.

The Lotos has given during the past season receptions to the late Rev. Charles Kingsley; Mr. Toole, the actor; Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the author; and many others who have come from abroad to study our institutions and invite our hospitality. These receptions have accomplished a good work in bringing together and establishing relations of sympathy between the literary workers of England and America. The pleasant rooms of the Lotos, and the genial company there gathered, must be treasured in the memory of many an Englishman. The famous "Saturday Evenings" and "Ladies' Days" of the Lotos are delightful, and "Lotos Leaves," an elegant volume, dedicated to Alfred Tennyson, ably edited by John Brougham and John Elderkin, and composed of contributions from the pens and pencils of members of the club, will perpetuate the happy thoughts which it has inspired.

The club is in a healthy financial condition, is growing, harmonious and hopeful. We trust it may look forward to a long and happy life. Mr. Reid will probably continue its President as long as he cares to accept the responsibilities of the office. There seems to be a settled conviction in the club that its history and Mr. Reid's must be made together. The Vice-Presidents are the witty, versatile, generous and delightful Mr. John Brougham, whose ripe years strikingly contrast with the youthful grace of the popular President, and Mr. Thomas W. Knox, the well-known traveler and author.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 20, 1875.

Monday.....115½ @ 115½	Thursday.....116½
Tuesday.....116½ @ 115½	Friday.....116½ @ 116
Wednesday.....115½ @ 116½	Saturday.....116 @ 115½

EDITORIAL NOTES.

REAR-ADMIRAL S. C. ROWAN, U. S. N., will please accept our thanks for a copy of the "Navy Register" for 1875.

CROTON WATER, and its alleged dangerous properties, make the doctors disagree just now more than ever. Yet it cannot be safer to drink bad whisky, or muddy lager, or adulterated wines.

MAYOR WICKHAM'S MESSAGE to the Common Council on the city debt is lauded by all—save professional politicians, with whose "little games" it seriously interferes—as a strong, sound, important document, full of common sense.

RUMORS OF AN IMPERIALIST *coup d'état* in France have not been confirmed, but there seems to be ample evidence that the active partisans of Napoleon's dynasty had succeeded in establishing throughout France something very like an *empire in imperio*, or, rather, an empire within a republic, and ready to replace the latter at any opportune moment.

A MARTHA WASHINGTON TEA PARTY, in aid of St. John's Guild, and under the management of ladies prominent in fashionable society, is to be given at Delmonico's this month. The 6th of April has been appointed for a "Lady Washington Reception," at the Academy of Music, in behalf of the building fund of the permanent floating hospital of St. John's Guild. This beneficent as well as benevolent society deserves all the support which it can obtain.

THE UGLY TELEGRAPH POLES which now disfigure our streets, squares and parks, are as superfluous as they are dangerous. The Board of Aldermen did well to instruct the Committee on Streets to report on the advisability of compelling the telegraph companies to abate this nuisance to the eye, and peril to limb and life, by burying their wires underground. Telegraph wires run underground in London and Paris, and why not also in New York? Legislative action will, doubtless, ere long satisfactorily settle this matter.

THE CORONER'S JURY ON THE ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH INQUEST agreed in censuring the Fire Department and the Department of Public Buildings for inadequate discharge of duty, and the architect of the Shaw building for error of judgment. It remains to be seen whether any action will be taken by the Mayor or the Grand Jury, or both, to make the censures something more than matter of form. The jurors agreed also in condemning the faulty construction of the church, and in recommending such an amendment to the present building law as shall secure safe and easy egress from all buildings used for public meetings of any kind.

THE RECENT DEATH OF THEODORE DAVIES, at the early age of twenty-eight, cut short a promising career. Mr. Davies was a son of Ex-Judge Henry E. Davies, and had deliberately preferred to devote himself to literature rather than to seek wealth in business pursuits or distinction in the legal profession. He contributed many short stories and clever sketches to this journal, as well as to the *World* and other city newspapers, before making his first important literary venture about a year ago, when he published a novel with the felicitous title of "Losing to Win," which met with more than ordinary success. He was, for a time, an *attaché* of the U. S. Legation at Berlin while the Hon. George Bancroft was Minister there.

THE FRENCH STEAMSHIP COMPANY proposes making an important and advantageous alteration in the route at present taken by their vessels, in case the assent of the French Government can be obtained. The change will consist in making stops at Queenstown on the way from New York to Havre,

and at Plymouth in coming from Havre to New York. The arrangements contemplated last year for sailing weekly, instead of once a fortnight, will this season, in all probability, be carried into effect.

"ALFONSO, MY LITTLE COUSIN," as Don Carlos called the youthful King of Spain, seems to be already weary of wearing his new crown. It is said to be difficult to persuade him not to resign in favor of his uncle, the Duke of Montpensier, son of the late Louis Philippe. But it is altogether improbable that the Spanish nation would accept Montpensier as king. Some of the foreign Governments which have recognized Alfonso would protest, even to the extent of hostile warlike preparations, against such a result of the Spanish marriage brought about by this wily King of the French, in spite of Lord Palmerston's opposition. If, however, Montpensier had been made Regent of Spain during the minority of Alfonso, the Carlist war might have been ended, the Court re-established, and Madrid would have again become really the capital. As it is, the abdication of Alfonso XII. would be followed by revolution and anarchy.

THE ARTISTIC WORLD has sustained a grievous loss in the death, elsewhere noted, of Mr. W. J. Hays, whose estimable personal character and rare patience during years of physical suffering had won for him as many friends as there were admirers of his truthful, accurate and spirited delineations of animal life. The claim of Mr. Hays to distinction in his chosen line of art was first established by the exhibition in 1852 of his picture of "The Head of a Bulldog." It was confirmed by the innumerable pictures of setters, prairie-dogs, squirrels, partridges, deer, moose, wolves, bears and bison which personal study, from Canada to Colorado, subsequently enabled him to paint with the utmost fidelity. Among his finest works are "The Stampede," "The Herd on the Move," "The Prairie-dog Village," and "The Dying Buffalo"—the latter picture was reproduced by an engraving in this journal. Mr. Hays was as familiar with the flora as with the fauna of the American continent, and his paintings of flowers, especially prairie-flowers, were admirable.

THE HAWAIIAN RECIPROCITY TREATY, although somewhat unexpectedly ratified by the United States Senate, in special session, by a vote of 51 to 12, must still await complete and final ratification until it shall have been sent back to the Sandwich Islands, the amendments by the Senate accepted by King Kalakaua's Government, and certain requisite legislation originating with our House of Representatives shall have been enacted. Practically, the "Reciprocity" contemplated by the Treaty is chiefly on one side, its immediate value being great for the Sandwich Islands, but trivial for the United States. The effect of the ratification of the treaty on the commerce between the two countries will be comparatively remote. But if Americans were fully aware of the eagerness with which far-sighted statesmen and capitalists in Europe, and particularly in England, have long been plotting to forestall American influence in the Pacific, that highway of future commerce with the East, they would attach much greater importance to King Kalakaua's recent visit, and to its first fruits in the shape of a Reciprocity treaty.

FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS in Pennsylvania several angry (and ill-spelled) letters have reached us which deserve no other notice than we have already given them. If fact, they were so violently abusive as to show that our artist's pencil, which aimed at the truth, must have hit it hard. But a protest which we have received from Mr. Hugh McGarvey, President of the State Council of the Miners' and Laborers' Benevolent Association of Pennsylvania, is written with equal civility and earnestness, and is entitled to more respectful consideration. Mr. McGarvey complains that "both the illustration and the pen-picture of the Miners of Pennsylvania," in a late issue of our journal, "are unfair." He asserts that "the miners are not all drunkards." In morals and sobriety they are superior to many and inferior to none of other localities and climes. If they were given "the fair remuneration" alluded to, there would be no trouble. They would willingly work, and make happy families and comfortable firesides. This is not offered, nor can they at present get that "fair remuneration, your pen-picture to the contrary." There has been no "blatant demagogue" in the matter. The unanimous secret ballot of the miners decided against the terms offered. Hence the suspension. "I was not surprised when first I saw such things in *Harper's Weekly*, but from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER better things were expected. We respectfully solicit at your hands simple truth and justice for the miners as a whole." We hasten to assure Mr. McGarvey and his friends that we wish to give the miners "the simple truth and justice" which he solicits. Strikes, we know, are sometimes the only, and in that case, the legitimate, resort of labor in a conflict with capital. But experience proves how ruinous strikes usually are to both, and particularly to the former. For the sake of laborers and capitalists alike, as well as of the public at large, we hope that "this cruel war" in the Pennsylvania mining districts will ere long be over.

THE DEATH OF JOHN MITCHEL the Irish revolutionist, was announced by cable dispatch, on Saturday, March 20th. His active life, both in his native land and in this country, as well as the events attending his recent return to Ireland, and the circumstances attending his election to the British Parliament as a representative of the County of Tipperary, have made his name familiar to our readers. John Mitchel was born in the town of Dungiven, County of Derry, Ireland, November 3d, 1815, where his father officiated as a minister of the Presbyterian persuasion. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1836, studied law, and practiced his profession for six years in Newry and Banbridge. He early espoused the cause of the extreme Irish party, and in 1845 was called to Dublin to take an editorial position on the *Nation*. His articles were revolutionary in spirit, and soon got the paper into trouble with the Government.

In 1847 he established *The United Irishman*, an organ of radical opinions. After an existence of three months, the journal was suppressed, and the editor sentenced to expatriation for the term of fourteen years. On the 19th of July, 1854, he effected his escape from Australia, landing in New York on November 29th. There he founded the *Citizen*. After conducting it for some time he removed to Tennessee, where he subsequently established the *Southern Citizen*, which was afterwards removed to Washington, and in 1859 ceased to appear. He took the extreme Southern side on political subjects, and estranged himself from many of his old colleagues. He then left for France, but returned to this country during the war, ran the blockade and became an editorial writer on the *Richmond Enquirer*, and afterwards was with the *Examiner*. After the war he returned to France, but remained there but a short time, again coming to New York and establishing the *Irish Citizen*. Here he remained until his recent return to Ireland. He was immediately put up as a candidate for Parliament, and elected by a large majority, but declared ineligible on the ground of being a convicted felon. On March 11th he was again elected. He was an able writer, and has published two or more works that have had an extensive circulation.

THE FIRST STUDIO RECEPTION of the season by the artists at No. 51 West Tenth Street was given on the 11th of March, under the direction of Messrs. J. G. Brown, A. D. Shattuck, and M. F. H. De Haas. The attendance was large, and it is to be hoped that this reopening of the studios will renew the intercourse between the artists and their friends which was interrupted by the discontinuance of the Studio Reception, instituted in 1865. Nearly all the artists in the building contributed to the fine display of pictures in the lower gallery, containing several important works by De Haas, J. G. Brown, M. J. Heade, Bradford, Scott, Van Elten, Page, Shattuck, Homer, Beard and Perry. With one or two exceptions, all the studios were open, and some were tastefully decorated. In Mr. Bradford's, a large although unfinished illustration of a phase of Captain Hall's Arctic Expedition, "The Winter Quarters of the *Polaris* in Thank God Harbor," attracted special attention. Mr. Perry exhibited several of his characteristic cabinet pictures, among which were "Fireside Stories," "The Clock Doctor," and the "Jack o' Lantern." Among the new works by Krusman Van Elten, were numerous interesting views in Holland, from sketches made during his recent visit to that country. Mr. Lockwood De Forest's "Driftwood," representing an Adirondack Lake, with a multitude of dead trees upon its overflowed banks, was painted under a gray twilight. Julian Scott exhibited a number of portraits, one of General Van Allen, and another, from an old miniature, of the late General Theodorus Bailey, an early Senator in Congress, and second Postmaster in New York. Several new pictures by Mr. Sanford R. Gifford, painted with great delicacy, and in his most forcible style, included a "View on Lake Geneva," "The Harbor of Brindisi," at sunset, with fishing-boats coming in, and their sails bright with reflected light. The cattle and sheep in Mr. Shattuck's landscape views were particularly noteworthy, and in his studio Mr. Inley exhibited "An Old Mill in Rockland County" and a "Winter Twilight." Homer Martin showed only two finished pictures, "Sandhills on Lake Ontario," and a beautiful "Woodland Scene." The honors of the Exhibition were also shared by "A View on Long Island Shore," and a spirited "Scene in the English Channel," by Mr. M. F. H. De Haas; "A Wood-road," with a fine study of forest trees, and "The Bavarian Highlands," by Mr. Fitch; three of Mr. Henry's recent pictures, exquisitely finished, especially "Sabbath Morning, 1806," with its faithfully rendered old costumes; Mr. Gay's "Little Orange Girl"; Mr. Heade's superb study of "The Orchid"; Winslow Homer's spirited water-color sketches; several of Mr. Irving's admirable interiors; Mr. Beard's "Hunter at Bay," with its fine vein of humor; George Hall's luscious fruit studies; Mr. J. G. Brown's life-like incarnations of childhood; Mr. Whittredge's "Midnight Mass" and "Camp Meeting in the Woods"; Mr. William De Haas's "Sunset on York Beach"; Arthur Parton's brilliant Scotch landscape, "The Old Bridge at Dalnally"; Mr. Hubbard's interesting landscapes; and Mr. Nicholl's new picture, "A Sunset at Cape Ann."

OBITUARY RECORD.

MARCH 3d.—At London, John Bernie Philip, sculptor, who made the eighty-seven life size figures for the Albert Memorial at Hyde Park, eight of the statues in the Royal Gallery of the Houses of Parliament, the Crimean Monument, and many other memorials, aged 48.

8th.—In New York, Ida Elizabeth, daughter of Major-General Hancock, U.S.A., commanding Military Department of the Atlantic, aged 18.

13th.—In New York City, William J. Hays, grandson of the High Constable of New York, a prominent animal-painter, aged 45.

15th.—At London, Field Marshal Gomm, of the British Army, Constable of the Tower, aged 91.

At Providence, the Hon. Richard W. Greene, formerly Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island.

16th.—Suddenly at Hartford, Conn., James Laurie, one of the best known civil engineers of the United States, aged 69.

19th.—At Providence, Gardner T. Swarts, Grand Master of the Rhode Island Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, and for many years Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge.

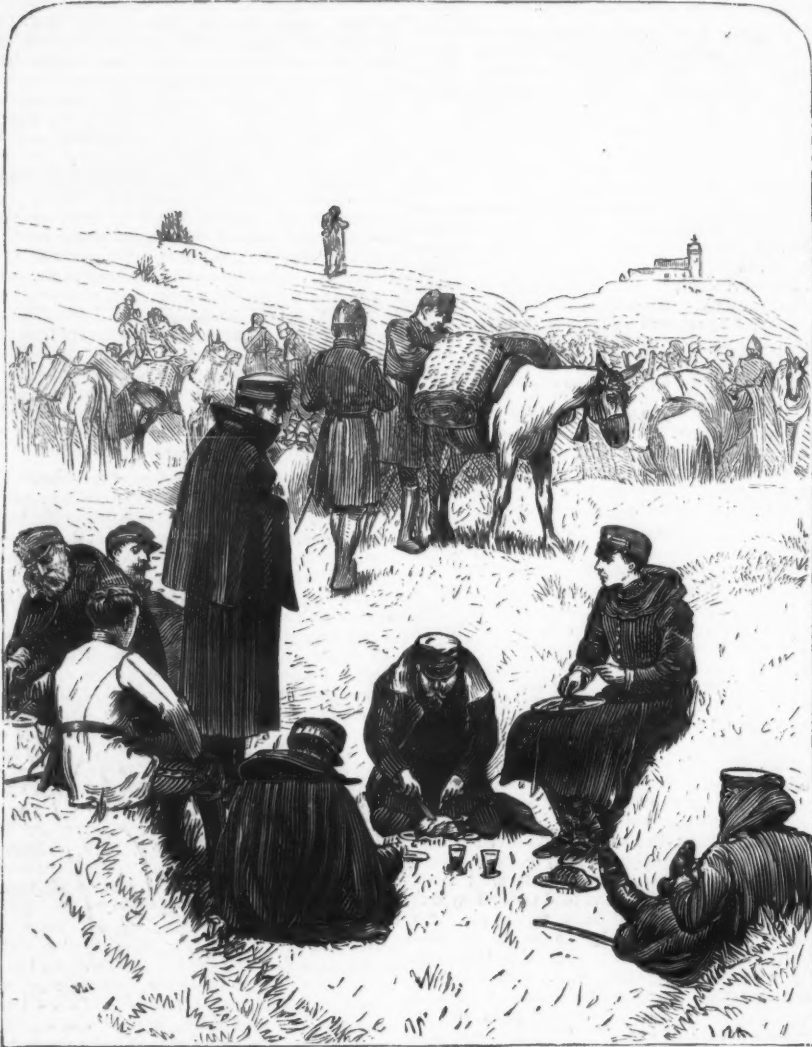
20th.—At Drumlane, Newry, Ireland, John Mitchel, twice elected Member of Parliament from Tipperary, aged 60.

At Annonay, France, M. Seguin, eminent engineer, who built the first railroad in France, and nephew of Montgolfier, the famous balloonist.

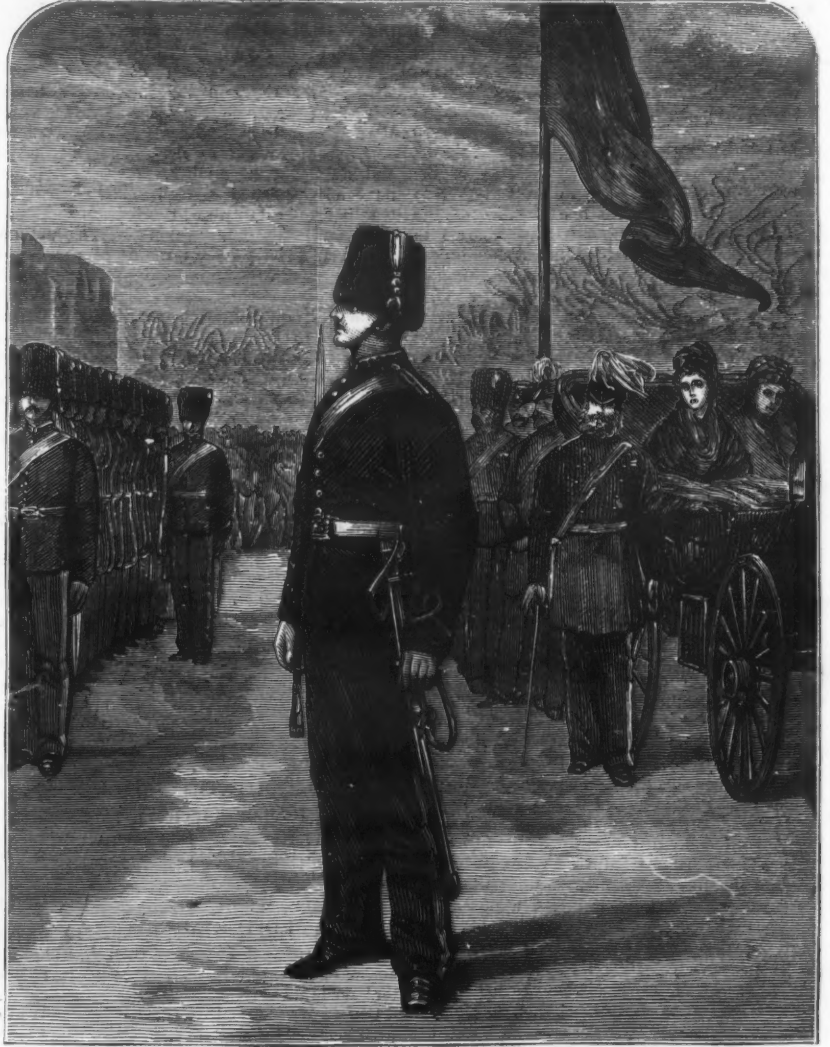
At Cornwall, England, Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, a leading British scientist, aged 82.

At Elizabeth, N. J., Colonel Joseph W. Faben, formerly United States Consul at San Domingo, and a prominent mover in the annexation scheme, aged 54.

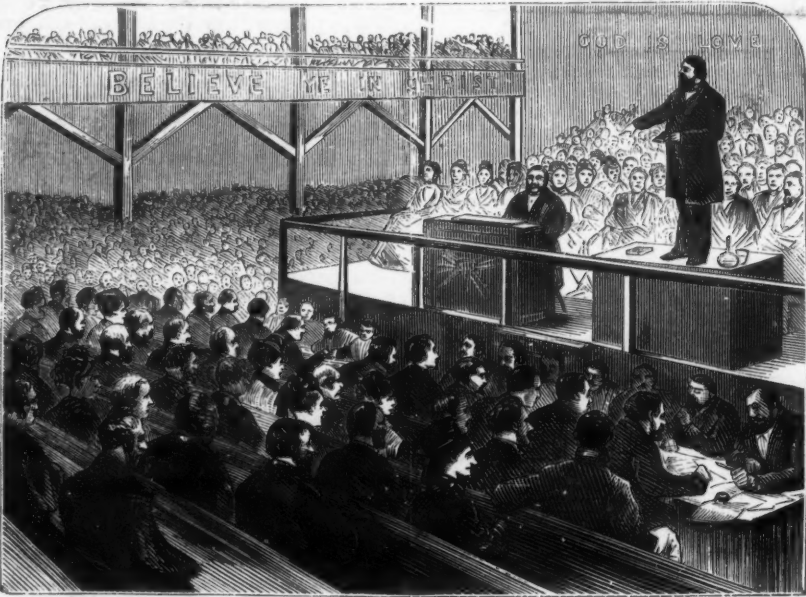
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



THE WAR IN SPAIN.—KING ALFONSO BREAKFASTING WITH HIS STAFF.



ENGLAND.—LOUIS NAPOLEON, THE "PRINCE IMPERIAL," AT WOOLWICH, DRILLING THE CADETTS.



ENGLAND.—THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS AT LIVERPOOL.



IRELAND.—DEMONSTRATION AT CORK TO CELEBRATE THE FIRST ELECTION OF JOHN MITCHEL AS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR TIPPERARY.



BRITISH INDIA.—MULHARRAO, THE GUICOWAR OF BARODA, ON TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON BY ATTEMPTING TO POISON THE POLITICAL RESIDENT, COLONEL PHAYRE.



FRANCE.—THE LATE M. COROT, AN EMINENT LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.



BRITISH INDIA.—COLONEL R. PHAYRE, THE POLITICAL RESIDENT AT BARODA.

HON. JOHN KELLY.

MR. KELLY is a native of the Fourteenth Ward of New York city, and is now in the fifty-third year of his age. His father, Hugh Kelly, was a native of Tyrone County, Ireland, and his mother Sarah Donnelly, a native of the adjoining county of Fermanagh. His parents, soon after marriage, emigrated to America in 1816. The father died in 1830, at Philadelphia, and his mother in 1842, in New York. He received his early education in the Parochial School attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, leaving the school at the age of twelve, having secured an unusually good knowledge of the English branches. He afterwards attended the evening schools established by the Board of Education. On leaving school, he was set to learn the trade of grate-setter and soap-stone cutter, becoming an efficient workman, and soon included mason-work and building among his accomplishments. Mr. Kelly was noted for his devotion to his mother and family, rendering them all the aid in his power. He educated his younger brother and set him up in business, and assisted in educating and establishing his sisters, all very superior women.

Mr. Kelly from his early boyhood was noted for being a close student of books and men, and thus has accumulated a vast fund of the most valuable information, which is one of the secrets of his great influence and power among his fellow-citizens. He is familiar with and speaks the French language, reads the German, and has a good knowledge of the literature represented by the prominent authors of the past and present. He has also been a devoted student of political economy and practical politics, and intuitively understands localities, and the men who represent them. Mr. Kelly inherits his leading mental peculiarities from his mother, who was remarkable for sterling qualities of mind and heart, bringing up her family of five children without any outside assistance.

Thus it will be seen that he laid the foundation of his present fortune, broad and deep, with his own hands and hard work. His honesty, earnestness and great executive ability soon brought him to public notice, and secured for him early popularity and great good-will among his associates and fellow-citizens in his Ward, which warmly manifested itself in 1853 in his election to the Board of Aldermen from the Fourteenth Ward, on a Democratic and Reform ticket, by a large majority. In 1854 he was the competitor of Hon. Mike Walsh, then up for re-election, for Congress, and defeated him by a large majority in the district, which was composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth Wards of New York city. In 1856 he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority, having received his famous title of "Honest John Kelly"—bestowed on him by his constituents and friends—by which he was for a long time popularly known. As a legislator Mr. Kelly was distinguished for his practical good sense, and he won for himself the respect and confidence of his associates in Congress, who looked up to him as a safe and clear-headed adviser and a trustworthy man. He took part in the leading questions, and displayed great vigor as a debater, making several effective speeches in support of im-

lands to actual settlers. He also made effective speeches in defense of civil and religious liberty, and the rights of suffrage—in which he displayed broad and statesmanlike views alike creditable to his judgment and his principles. Near the close of his second Congressional term he resigned his office, at the urgent request of his friends, and accepted the nomination for Sheriff of New York City and County, to which important office he was triumphantly elected by an overwhelming majority. He served his term of three years with great fidelity to the public interests, and with honor and increased popularity to himself. He devoted himself to his duties zealously, and was a great favorite with members of the Bench and Bar of the city at that time. Mr. Kelly, winding up his large official business, which required much care, with success and to the satisfaction of his fellow-citizens.

He continued to take much interest in politics, and in 1865 was re-elected Sheriff, serving for three years with increased credit, and winding up the business of his office in the most satisfactory manner. Meantime his good fortune had been marked, and had resulted in securing him an ample competency.

Mr. Kelly's family—consisting of his wife, one son and two daughters—were all stricken down and taken from him by death about this time. His wife died in 1866. His only son, a very talented and promising young man of eighteen, died in 1868. His eldest daughter died in San Sebastian, Spain, in 1870, and the youngest in New York, in 1872, leaving the bereaved father alone.

In 1869, under a pressure of grief and ill-health, he made a visit to Europe, remaining abroad nearly three years. On his return in 1871, with health and spirits much improved, he entered heartily into the Reform movement, which led in the complete overthrow of the Tweed Ring. On the breaking-up of this organization and the reorganization of the Democratic Party, Mr.



HON. JOHN KELLY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. G. DIMMERS, NEW YORK.



WILLIAM A. BEACH, SENIOR COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF IN THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

portant measures before Congress. He was a sturdy defender of the rights and good name of all foreign-born citizens against the attacks of the American or Know-Nothing Party in Congress at that time, and his speeches are replete, and bristle with telling points against the proscription policy of that party. He was an ardent advocate of the Homestead Bill, which proposed to give a home from the public

Kelly was selected as the proper man to carry out the difficult labor of organizing and establishing an honest and healthful administration of the party.

He has succeeded in completing his arduous task thus far with rare fidelity, intelligence and efficiency. Mr. Kelly is distinguished for an impressive earnestness and energy, with great firmness and decision of character, is unpretending, genial, and generous without ostentation, and has executive abilities of a very high order. Neither money nor official position could influence his action against his convictions. He is in the ripe prime of life, has no official aspirations, and plunges into work and the excitement of public affairs for relief from personal cares and griefs, and to avoid the impending depression incident to his lonely home-life. He has the confidence of the magnates of Tammany and Manhattan, and of his fellow-citizens generally, and with no ambition but to serve his party and the public interests with all his great powers, his position is assured as the great leader and director of affairs for the dominant political party in this city, so long as he may choose to hold it and wield its future destinies. Mr. Kelly resides at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street and Lexington Avenue, in the Twenty-first Ward.

WILLIAM A. BEACH.

MR. WILLIAM A. BEACH, the senior counsel for Mr. Tilton in the famous trial now progressing in Brooklyn, has greatly added to his previously high reputation as a lawyer by his conduct in this remarkable case. He was born at Saratoga, N. Y., December 7th, 1810. Receiving a liberal education, he studied law. After his admission to the Bar he practiced in Saratoga, as a partner successively of Nicholas Hill and Augustus Bockes, now Supreme Court Justice in that district. In 1851 Mr. Beach removed to Troy, where he soon became engaged in a lucrative practice. For two terms he was Corporation Counsel. He was the counsel for all the important railroad companies in that part of the State, and was retained in many famous criminal cases. In 1870 he came to New York, and immediately took a high position at the Bar in this city. He was counsel for Commodore Vanderbilt in the \$5,000,000 suit brought against him by the Erie Railway Company, and won the case. He was for the defendant in the first trial of the Jumel case, which resulted in a disagreement. He was for the prosecution in the second trial of Edward S. Stokes. In the celebrated Brinkley divorce suit, and in various other prominent cases, he was for the plaintiff. He is scrupulously neat in his attire, and dignified and sedate in manner. His hair is long and silvered, worn behind his ears and kept neatly trimmed. As a

forensic orator he is inferior to no one at the American Bar.

FOUR BABES AT A BIRTH.

A REMARKABLE event in the history of obstetrics recently occurred in Baltimore. On Tuesday, February 16th, 1875, Mrs. Kate Theresa Hahn, residing at No. 119 Low Street, Baltimore, was delivered of four well-formed and beautiful little girls. The mother of so unusual a progeny was born in this country, of Irish parentage. She is a fine-looking woman of twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with fair skin, blue eyes, auburn hair, and weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. The father of the quadruplets is a man



MR. JOHN HAHN, OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.



MRS. JOHN HAHN, MOTHER OF THE FOUR BABES.



SARAH, MARY, KATE AND JENNIE HAHN, BORN FEBRUARY 16TH, AT BALTIMORE, MD.



MEDALS PRESENTED TO THE QUADRUPLETS.

about thirty years of age, a native of Germany, but has resided in this country since his earliest infancy. He has a dark olive skin, black eyes, long curly black hair. In stature he is beneath the medium size, and would not weigh probably over one hundred

HON. JOHN KELLY.

MR. KELLY is a native of the Fourteenth Ward of New York city, and is now in the fifty-third year of his age. His father, Hugh Kelly, was a native of Tyrone County, Ireland, and his mother Sarah Donnelly, a native of the adjoining county of Fermanagh. His parents, soon after marriage, emigrated to America in 1816. The father died in 1830, at Philadelphia, and his mother in 1842, in New York. He received his early education in the Parochial School attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, leaving the school at the age of twelve, having secured an unusually good knowledge of the English branches. He afterwards attended the evening schools established by the Board of Education. On leaving school, he was set to learn the trade of grate-setter and soap-stone cutter, becoming an efficient workman, and soon included mason-work and building among his accomplishments. Mr. Kelly was noted for his devotion to his mother and family, rendering them all the aid in his power. He educated his younger brother and set him up in business, and assisted in educating and establishing his sisters, all very superior women.

Mr. Kelly from his early boyhood was noted for being a close student of books and men, and thus has accumulated a vast fund of the most valuable information, which is one of the secrets of his great influence and power among his fellow-citizens. He is familiar with and speaks the French language, reads the German, and has a good knowledge of the literature represented by the prominent authors of the past and present. He has also been a devoted student of political economy and practical politics, and intuitively understands localities, and the men who represent them. Mr. Kelly inherits his leading mental peculiarities from his mother, who was remarkable for sterling qualities of mind and heart, bringing up her family of five children without any outside assistance.

Thus it will be seen that he laid the foundation of his present fortune, broad and deep, with his own hands and hard work. His honesty, earnestness and great executive ability soon brought him to public notice, and secured for him early popularity and great good-will among his associates and fellow-citizens in his Ward, which warmly manifested itself in 1853 in his election to the Board of Aldermen from the Fourteenth Ward, on a Democratic and Reform ticket, by a large majority. In 1854 he was the competitor of Hon. Mike Walsh, then up for re-election, for Congress, and defeated him by a large majority in the district, which was composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth Wards of New York city. In 1856 he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority, having received his famous title of "Honest John Kelly"—bestowed on him by his constituents and friends—by which he was for a long time popularly known. As a legislator Mr.

Kelly was distinguished for his practical good sense, and he won for himself the respect and confidence of his associates in Congress, who looked up to him as a safe and clear-headed adviser and a trustworthy man. He took part in the leading questions, and displayed great vigor as a debater, making several effective speeches in support of im-

ports to actual settlers. He also made effective speeches in defense of civil and religious liberty, and the rights of suffrage—in which he displayed broad and statesmanlike views alike creditable to his judgment and his principles. Near the close of his second Congressional term he resigned his office, at the urgent request of his friends, and accepted the nomination for Sheriff of New York City and County, to which important office he was triumphantly elected by an overwhelming majority. He served his term of three years with great fidelity to the public interests, and with honor and increased popularity to himself. He devoted himself to his duties zealously, and was a great favorite with members of the Bench and Bar of the city at that time. Mr. Kelly, winding up his large official business, which required much care, with success and to the satisfaction of his fellow-citizens.

He continued to take much interest in politics, and in 1865 was re-elected Sheriff, serving for three years with increased credit, and winding up the business of his office in the most satisfactory manner. Meantime his good fortune had been marked, and had resulted in securing him an ample competency.

Mr. Kelly's family—consisting of his wife, one son and two daughters—were all stricken down and taken from him by death about this time. His wife died in 1866. His only son, a very talented and promising young man of eighteen, died in 1868. His eldest daughter died in San Sebastian, Spain, in 1870, and the youngest in New York, in 1872, leaving the bereaved

father alone. In 1869, under a pressure of grief and ill-health, he made a visit to Europe, remaining abroad nearly three years. On his return in 1871, with health and spirits much improved, he entered heartily into the Reform movement, which ended in the complete overthrow of the Tweed Ring. On the breaking-up of this organization and the reorganization of the Democratic Party, Mr.



HON. JOHN KELLY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. G. DIMMERS, NEW YORK.



WILLIAM A. BEACH, SENIOR COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF IN THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

portant measures before Congress. He was a sturdy defender of the rights and good name of all foreign-born citizens against the attacks of the American or Know-Nothing Party in Congress at that time, and his speeches are replete, and bristle with telling points against the proscriptive policy of that party. He was an ardent advocate of the Homestead Bill, which proposed to give a home from the public

Kelly was selected as the proper man to carry out the difficult labor of organizing and establishing an honest and healthful administration of the party.

He has succeeded in completing his arduous task thus far with rare fidelity, intelligence and efficiency. Mr. Kelly is distinguished for an impressive earnestness and energy, with great firmness and decision of character, is unpretending, genial, and generous without ostentation, and has executive abilities of a very high order. Neither money nor official position could influence his action against his convictions. He is in the ripe prime of life, has no official aspirations, and plunges into work and the excitement of public affairs for relief from personal cares and griefs, and to avoid the impending depression incident to his lonely home-life. He has the confidence of the magnates of Tammany and Manhattan, and of his fellow-citizens generally, and with no ambition but to serve his party and the public interests with all his great powers, his position is assured as the great leader and director of affairs for the dominant political party in this city, so long as he may choose to hold it and wield its future destinies. Mr. Kelly resides at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street and Lexington Avenue, in the Twenty-first Ward.

WILLIAM A. BEACH.

MR. WILLIAM A. BEACH, the senior counsel for Mr. Tilton in the famous trial now progressing in Brooklyn, has greatly added to his previously high reputation as a lawyer by his conduct in this remarkable case. He was born at Saratoga, N. Y., December 7th, 1810. Receiving a liberal education, he studied law. After his admission to the Bar he practiced in Saratoga, as a partner successively of Nicholas Hill and Augustus Boeckes, now Supreme Court Justice in that district. In 1851 Mr. Beach removed to Troy, where he soon became engaged in a lucrative practice. For two terms he was Corporation Counsel. He was the counsel for all the important railroad companies in that part of the State, and was retained in many famous criminal cases. In 1870 he came to New York, and immediately took a high position at the Bar in this city. He was counsel for Commodore Vanderbilt in the \$5,000,000 suit brought against him by the Erie Railway Company, and won the case. He was for the defendant in the first trial of the Jumel case, which resulted in a disagreement. He was for the prosecution in the second trial of Edward S. Stokes. In the celebrated Brinkley divorce suit, and in various other prominent cases, he was for the plaintiff. He is scrupulously neat in his attire, and dignified and sedate in manner. His hair is long and silvered, worn behind his ears and kept neatly trimmed. As a

forensic orator he is inferior to no one at the American Bar.

FOUR BABES AT A BIRTH.

A REMARKABLE event in the history of obstetrics recently occurred in Baltimore. On Tuesday, February 16th, 1875, Mrs. Kate Theresa Hahn, residing at No. 119 Low Street, Baltimore, was delivered of four well-formed and beautiful little girls. The mother of so unusual a progeny was born in this country, of Irish parentage. She is a fine-looking woman of twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with fair skin, blue eyes, auburn hair, and weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. The father of the quadruplets is a man



MR. JOHN HAHN, OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.



MRS. JOHN HAHN, MOTHER OF THE FOUR BABES.



SARAH, MARY, KATE AND JENNIE HAHN, BORN FEBRUARY 16TH, AT BALTIMORE, MD.



MEDALS PRESENTED TO THE QUADRUPLETS.

about thirty years of age, a native of Germany, but has resided in this country since his earliest infancy. He has a dark olive skin, black eyes, long curly black hair. In stature he is beneath the medium size, and would not weigh probably over one hundred

and twenty pounds. He is a cigar-maker by trade, but for some time has been out of work. The fact of the remarkable advent of four children at a birth caused great excitement in Baltimore, and the sands of citizens of all classes flocked to see the dear little quartet. Many of the visitors contributed sums of money for the little ones, and one enthusiastic jeweler presented each with a gold medal. The little babes were christened by Rev. Father Malloy, and received the names of Sarah, Mary, Kate and Jennie. Little Mary and Jennie have since died. One of the remaining two is reported sick, and tears are entertained that she will not long survive.

THE MISUSED MONKEY.

BY
EDGAR FAWCETT.

ABOVE the clash of wheels on stones,
Performed by cabman and by carter,
Peal out these execrable tones
That massacre "La Traviata."
The organ, as it whines and grates,
Is more than others old and wheezy;
The grinder than his greasy mates
Is more conspicuously greasy.

I pause, but not these notes to heed,
Hackneyed in such barbaric fashion;
What stays my passing step, indeed,
Is closely kindred to compassion.
For, on the organ's top I trace,
Immovable amid the racket,
With eyes that scan his master's face,
A monkey in a scarlet jacket.

His dismal looks a volume say;
His soldier-cap is ill-adjusted.
Was ever monkey so blasé?
Was ever monkey so disgusted?
For years his gloomy soul has known
The mental woes that spleen unleashes,
And deeply wearied, he has grown
The hairy Hamlet of his species!

Has he not oft youth's days deplored,
With poignant pain and unavailing—
Days ere he dragged the captive's cord
Up brown-stone stoop and iron railing?
Does memory through the past repair,
Its shadowy treasure-house to search in,
When yet he pandered to no stare
Of gaping girl and tittering urchin?

When life was all luxurious ease,
Unmarred by slavery's just resentment;
When, ambushed among tropic trees,
He chattered in serene contentment;
When blithe as that proverbial clam,
Athwart his breast he felt no pang go,
But lunched upon the pleasing yam
Or dined upon the dainty mango!

And while he breathed his native air,
So richly fragrant and balsamic,
In that delicious freedom were
His private habits polygamic?
Or was one image, ever new,
Graved on his heart with fadeless pencil,
Beloved in all his being,
The terminus of his tail prehensile?

And does she mourn his absence yet,
And feel his unforgetten kisses,
Half guessing, in her dark regret,
The fearful fate of her Ulysses?
Do suitors round her dwelling grope,
With flattering leers and means of flunkies
While she remains, in pensive hope,
The pure Penelope of monkeys?

'Tis well she cannot see him here,
A drudge, with only blows for payment,
His lissome shape, esteemed so dear,
Obscured by this degrading raiment;
The sad butt, now, of grinning men;
Compelled in weathers dull or sunny
To doff his dirty cap, and then
Hold out the old tin-cup for money!

Alas, poor slave, revenge is sweet;
To crave it is with you but rightful.
Oh, could you once your master meet
Within a cocoa-grove delightful,
How from the branches where you stood,
Your nimble form discreetly shading,
Down on his luckless cranium would
The cocoa-nut come cannonading!

JERRY, THE MISER.

IT was a cobbler's shop, breaking the row of small private houses in a shabby suburban street. How it came there nobody knew. What is more, nobody cared.

Near the door, on this particular afternoon, were two females, the one elderly, the other graceful and young; both in the deepest mourning. In front of it were two London street Arabs, as ragged, as misanthropic; before it stood the oddest being imaginable—a little old man, about four feet high, with a not over-clean face, iron-gray hair, on which rested a worn skin cap, shaggy brows, rather bow legs, and a dirty lather upon. In irate tones, he was addressing the boys:

"Off with you, you young rascals! If you come playing your hopscotch and Sally-come-ups before my window again, I'll flay you alive."

Before the muscular fists the boys fled, hurling back derision. "Well done, Jerry—old Jerry the miser! Yah!"

The cobbler—for he hardly merited the more emphatic title of shoemaker—paid no heed, but glancing sharply up from his bent brows at the two women, asked, "And what may you want?"

"We—we see," began the younger, looking timidly towards the square card in the window, "you have apartments to let."

"No, I've rooms—rooms. I don't know nothing of 'apartments'; I ain't up to them—nor the rooms ain't neither. Do you want to see 'em?"

"We did wish."

"All right; come along!"—and the little man swung round on his heel.

The two women, hesitating, looked at one another.

"We had better see them, mother," said the younger, with a wan smile of encouragement. "His bark may be worse than his bite, and all the other places are so dear."

Following the cobbler through the shop, he led them up-stairs to the rooms. There were two, communicating by a door with each other; they were poorly furnished, but clean. As the women looked at them, the cobbler stared at them silently.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think of them?"

"They will do very well," answered the widow. "It's only—the price!"

"Six shillings a week—in advance."

"Six shillings!" ejaculated the girl.

"Do you think it too much?"

"On the contrary, it is cheap."

"You know a lot of the world to say that. How do you know I shan't clap on another shilling?"

"I don't; but I should not fancy you would."

"About references—" began the widow.

"Don't want any—you pay in advance; and as, whenever you leave the house, it must be through the shop, you can't well take the furniture without my knowing. Is it settled?"

"If you please; here is the first week's rent."

The cobbler took it, scrawled out a receipt, nodded, and left his lodgers to themselves. Seated again on his bench, meditatively, he scratched his grizzled chin, and contemplated the six coins in his horny palm.

"Two bobs a week lost to-day!" he remarked. "Jerry, you miser, how could you do it?"

The cobbler's lodgers proved very quiet. They did not interfere with their landlord, and he, apparently, did not interfere with them. His rent was paid to the day.

They rarely spoke, save exchanging the ordinary morning and evening salutations when the daughter went through the shop. The mother never left the house. But Jerry, like most cobblers, was a man of observation, and he made such comments as the following:

"She's a beauty, she is; but awful white and sad. It's my opinion it's hard times with them up-stairs."

Then, when the girl went out earlier and came home later, ever with a sadder, more depressed expression, he said, "I'll tell you what it is, Jerry; she's seeking work, and doesn't get it!"

One evening, a few weeks after Mrs. Weston and her daughter rented the cobbler's apartments, the latter entered the shop later than usual.

The yellow lamp was flaring dimly, and Jerry, a boot on his knee, was hard at work. After the customary salutation, the girl was passing on, when the cobbler's voice arrested her.

"I say, your mother's ill, ain't she?" he asked, nursing his knee with both arms.

"Yes, Mr. Crayshaw, I am sorry to say she has been for some while ailing. She—she—" and the young voice trembled with tears—"is very weak."

"Then you must give her lots to eat," responded Jerry, staring out of the window. "The best thing for weak people is a nice roast fowl and a bottle of wine. Why don't you give them her?"

"I wish I was able, or even to provide her less expensive dainties; but—but—" and the tears fell fast—"I cannot."

"Ah, that's the fault, you see, of having no money. Good-evening."

He resumed his work, and the girl, scarcely cheered by this little episode, went, with a heavy heart, up-stairs.

Mrs. Weston was so ill, she was lying on her bed. The candle was in the room, and in the parlor grate burnt a few sparks of fire, over which was a small saucepan. On the table was a tea-tray, and a portion of a previous day's loaf. It was such a depressing welcome home after the weary, weary day, that with difficulty the poor girl could control her emotion.

"Is that you, Clare?" inquired the widow's feeble voice.

"Yes, mother."

"Come to me, my child."

Clare pressed her white hands to her bosom, made an effort, and passed into the bedroom. But the mother's first words beat down all her noble-souled heroic self-repression.

"Clare, dear, you had better success to-day?"

The girl dropped on a chair, and burying her face on the coverlet, burst into a paroxysm of weeping.

"No, mother," she sobbed, hysterically. "It's the same old, old story; I can get nothing. What shall we do? I feel heart-broken."

"Clare, Clare, my child," ejaculated the mother, fondly embracing her, "do not you give way! What, indeed, will become of us then? My brave, brave girl, do not weep thus!"

"Pray let me, mother; I shall be better after it."

She, apparently, was right, for at the end of a few moments she looked up calmer; her tears ceased.

"There," she smiled; "I am better now. 'Tis good to give way at times, you know. At least, one can't help it, and our lot is so hard; but we shall get used to it."

"Hard! It breaks my heart to contemplate it when I think of you, Clare. What a different future did I and your father intend you, love! But who could imagine such a villain as John Burge ever existed?"

"Ah, me—ah, me! to look round at this place, and remember the pleasant home which once was ours! Now, we are alone, with not a single friend in the world."

"Not one! Oh, yes, mother, believe me, one!" cried the girl, quickly. "He—Gilbert—will be true—trust me, he will."

"Why then, Clare, has he not written?"

"I do not know—I cannot tell," exclaimed the daughter, piteously; "but, oh, pray, pray, mother, do not take that hope from me! Let me believe in Gilbert. It is my only support in this bitter misery!"

The widow, touched with a pleading countenance, was about to reply, when, interrupting herself, she said, "Clare, I hear some one in the parlor. See who it is, dear."

The girl obeyed, and started at the weird scene she beheld.

Seated before the grate, on a three-legged stool, was the cobbler, yet in leathern apron and cap. On his knees was a bellows, which he was working with consummate skill, evidently a master of the art, sending the coals into bright blazes that threw flashes of lurid color over the quaint figure and the room.

Upon hearing Clare, he turned, almost with a start.

"How do you expect to boil a saucepan with such a fire as this?" he growled. "Never was hatter as mad as you, I'm certain. Now, look at that; ain't it a picture?"

Clare did look, and saw that not only were the coals increased, but that they were not from their own store.

"It is quite cheering," she managed to say, "but—but I fear, Mr. Crayshaw, you have been robbing yourself."

"Robbing myself?—me?—not a bit. I'm a miser. Didn't you hear the boys call me so—Jerry, the miser?" he snapped. "I'd rob anybody sooner than myself. I am a miser, and I'm proud of it. Some men are called painter and poet. Well, I'm called cobbler and miser."

"Really!" said Clare, a little amused, a little frightened, looking at the glowing coals; "I should have scarcely thought so."

"That shows your ignorance," responded Jerry. "Can't you see, by calculation, it's cheaper to keep up one good fire than two small ones? so I'm going to sit by yours. Also, clubbing two persons' tea together is cheaper than taking it alone. It makes 'only one for the pot' necessary. You perceive, now, I am a miser. I want to have my tea here."

Clare looked at the table; upon it was a new loaf, fresh butter, eggs, and a neat package of tea.

"Oh, Mr. Crayshaw—" she began.

"Are you going to refuse?" he snapped. "Mayn't I have tea?"

"How could I refuse—" she began, when he interrupted by:

"Then don't lose time. See to the kettle. I'll boil the eggs."

Similar behavior from some people might have given offense, but there was such a quaint, odd way about Jerry that robbed it of that power. He was so old, and snapped and snarled as if really his suggestion was the result of deep-rooted meanness, instead of the contrary. Mrs. Weston did make some demur, but Jerry shut her up at once.

"I see. She's frightened at your taking tea with such a fascinating young fellow as I am," he said, "Leave the door ajar, then the old lady can take a squint at us now and then, and join the talk. I'm a wild young sprig, I confess."

Clare could not refrain from bursting into a merry peal of laughter. Jerry's gray eyes twinkled with delight under his shaggy brows as he looked up at her.

Well, the two bustled about, the cobbler certainly the briskest, until, finally, they were seated at a very comfortable tea. During the meal, Mrs. Weston deemed it right to inform their new friend of something of their history.

In her husband's lifetime, they had been well-to-do. At his death, they yet could have lived comfortably, had not a Mr. John Burge suddenly brought heavy claims on the dead man's property.

"I never quite understood what it was—I only know he must have been paid," said the widow, dolorously. "But we hadn't some papers we ought to have had to prove it. So he took from us every penny, and left us as you now see!"

"A confounded villain!" exclaimed Jerry, cracking his egg with the bowl of a spoon, as if it had been Mr. John Burge's bald head he had got under it.

"Then all our friends deserted us—" "Except one," broke in Clare, with heightened color, which was not unnoticed by the cobbler.

"But one as yet," added the widow. "He is a gentleman, Mr. Crayshaw, who—who was once a great friend of my daughter's. He was in Australia at the time of our trouble, and though we wrote to tell him, we have not heard a syllable since. You know the world, Mr. Crayshaw!"

"I do, ma'am!" answered Jerry, emphatically: "and I know it's a sight better than people would try to make it."

"Ah!" cried Clare, gratefully, her face radiant, as involuntarily she extended her hand, "you think he may be true?"

"He'd be the greatest villain under the sun if he were not, my dear!" said the old maid cheerily; adding to herself, "Poor child—poor child! she, then, has to learn that lagers' vows are easier broken than shoe-strings, and thought about as little!"

After this, still protesting it was cheaper for him, as a miser, to supply Mrs. Weston's fire than burn one of his own, he frequently passed his evenings with them. He also procured Clare some shoe-binding to do, which, though hard and difficult work, was something.

At the end of the week, he was grimacing at a boy through the boots in the window, when Clare came to pay the rent.

"Take it away," he said; "let it stand over."

"Oh, we could not think of that!" began the girl. "We were going to ask you if you would not mind a portion of it being left for next—"

"Take it away!" reiterated Jerry, getting into a fury; "I won't touch a farthing! I like being a creditor—for I can charge interest!"

"This kindness, after all you have done!" sobbed Clare, her tears falling.

"Go away!" roared Jerry; "I ain't going to have a scene here—they'll be taking me up for assault and battery next! Be off, and I'll be up to tea in five minutes."

"Bless your generous heart, which no assumed roughness can hide!" exclaimed Clare, gratefully, as she hurried from the shop.

Sitting down, Jerry bent his head on the counter, and bright tears trickled from his eyes into the boat on his lap.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" he murmured; "she's yet to learn that vows are broken easier than shoe-strings, and—"

He was interrupted by the shop-door opening. Looking up, he found before him a tall, well-dressed man, with a bronzed face, and thick beard and mustache. Jerry started.

"Pardon my intruding," said the stranger; "but can you give me the address of Mrs. Weston and her daughter? I heard they were living somewhere in this street?"

"No!" said Jerry. "What do you want with 'em?"

"They are friends of mine."

"Swells such as you don't often, I should think, have friends in this neighborhood."

"In the land I came from, friend, the rank is not the guinea's stamp. But I'll seek elsewhere."

"Stay a moment; I'll inquire."

Jerry, carefully closing the door behind him, sat down on the stairs and enjoyed a mute chuckle, fearfully apoplectic in character. On the landing he repeated it, with much movement of the legs. Then he entered his lodgers' parlor.

Dropping into the chair placed ready for him by the fire, rubbing his knees, his face one beaming smile, he cried: "Does any one believe in man? I don't! Does any one believe in Australian gold-diggers? I don't! Does any one believe in lovers keeping their vows? Lor' bless you, I don't—not a syllable!" Then, turning abruptly to the astonished women, he proceeded: "Look here; I'll give you a riddle. Suppose a certain Australian should come to England; suppose he should come to me; suppose he should come into this room, how would a certain party behave? Would she laugh? Would she faint?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Clare, starting up; "I know what he means. It is Gilbert!"

"My dear, reflect," interrupted the widow, restraining her.

"Yes, she's right!" exclaimed Jerry, with a caper. "It's Gilbert—Gilbert!"

Flying to the door, almost precipitating himself over the balustrade, he shouted: "You Australian, come up! You nugget of fidelity, come here!"

There was the bang of a door, a firm, rapid tread on the stairs, and the bearded stranger shot past Jerry into the room.

"Clare—my poor, poor Clare!" he cried. "Gilbert!" she ejaculated, rushing into his arms.

The cobbler, after another caper, discreetly retired to his shop, and let off his superhuman excitement by a charge at the boys in the street.

Richard Fernside, a rich Australian cattle-owner, proved indeed a nugget of fidelity. There was a grand wedding, to which Jerry was asked, but he answered he was far too wise a man to make himself uncomfortable. Indeed, he sent the bride a pretty good bracelet as his wedding gift—a present affectionately treasured by Clare.

Years after, the young wife, in her home at the antipodes, received the following characteristic letter:

"My DEAR—While writing this I'm going off when you get it, I shall have left. So this is to say good-by. Bless you! I am a kinless old man, and, you know, a miser; but I'm not going to give my money to you. What would £1,000 be to your Australian digger? A drop in the ocean. Besides, you can do without it. No; it's going to the hospital for children, to which I have long been an unknown subscriber. Good-by! Bless you—bless you all!" "Your old friend,

"JERRY, COBBLER AND MISER."

That letter, too, was treasured; and in the heart of the bright, cheerful home, in the wealthy land, "Jerry, the Miser," was ever held in cheerful memory.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

REVIEW OF THE PROCESSION BY MAYOR WICKHAM.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was duly celebrated on the 17th of March. The principal feature of the celebration in New York was a procession composed of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and numerous Hibernian societies. About 20,000 persons paraded. The procession was reviewed by Mayor Wickham in front of the City Hall. At the extreme southern point of the esplanade were grouped the Mayor, Comptroller Green, the members of the Common Council, the City Marshal, and several other officials. As the head of the procession passed, his Honor acknowledged the marching salute by raising his hat and bowing. This was repeated several times, after which the Mayor simply nodded to each of the societies. The weather at this time (2:35 p.m.) was very pleasant, the sun shone brightly, and the wind just sufficient to display the flags on City Hall and neighboring buildings. The procession, while not as large as those of former years, was one of the most orderly and well-behaved in the history of St. Patrick's Day parades in New York city.

FLOOD ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.

BREAKING OF THE ICE-GORGE AT
PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

THE danger which threatened Port Jervis, N. Y., for several weeks, was happily dispelled on Wednesday, March 17th, by the breaking of the ice-gorge at that place, and the waters of the Delaware resuming their peaceful flow towards the ocean. Since February 27th the inhabitants of the village have been in a state of consternation. At that date the mild weather of a few days previous began to affect the ice in the Upper Delaware, and the frozen mass commenced to break up, but found a barrier to its seaward passage in the ice-bound river at Port Jervis. Just below the town is a sharp bend in the river; and here the ice lodged, being constantly augmented by immense ice-fields floating down the river. Unable to pass this point, the ice piled up in huge masses, in some places reaching a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, and forming a solid ice-barrier nearly five miles in length.

Port Jervis stands on a level at the foot of steep hills—a wide bottom land or alluvial plateau. Behind it are precipitous wooded heights, and the town is partly built on the lower terrace of these heights. The peculiar situation of the place caused great alarm as to the probable consequences of a sudden overflow of the river. The ice-gorge in the river would serve as a dam to the water, and the flood from above, being unable to pass down the channel, would in all probability overflow the low-lying shores and sweep everything before it.

Every exertion was made to avert the impending danger. The best engineering talent was consulted, and many experiments tried to dislodge the mass of ice. Mr. Robert A. Chesebrough, a wholesale dealer in petroleum, naphtha, etc., in New York, suggested a plan for removing the obstruction by burning naphtha in the frozen mass, for the purpose of weakening and starting the gorge. Mr. Chesebrough furnished the material for the experiments and personally superintended the operations. The plan proved to be a failure, but the citizens of Port Jervis are thankful to Mr. Chesebrough for his laudable intentions and his liberality.

The Erie Railroad Company being largely interested in property at Port Jervis, owning valuable car-works, bridges, etc., in the vicinity, instructed their chief engineer, Chanute, to inquire into the situation and to devise means of relief. After careful examination and several experiments, he decided to attempt the opening of a passage in the gorge by the use of nitro-glycerine. With a gang of workmen he commenced blasting operations, using 20-pound blasts to break up the large masses, and smaller blasts to scatter the detached pieces. After five days' work he succeeded in opening a channel nearly a mile in length and from thirty to sixty feet in width.

The main dam of the gorge was broken through, and so much water concentrated in the channel opened, that it continually widened itself; but at Port Jervis, on the morning of Wednesday, March 17th, a mass of ice still blocked the river, from bank to bank, for many miles. The backbone of the gorge had been broken, and fifty pounds of nitro-glycerine were placed under the ice, at the strongest point of the dam, to await the critical moment when the rise of the water would make the weakening of the structure advantageous.

On Tuesday evening, March 16th, the waters were moving in the Upper Delaware. The rains and warm weather of the previous few days had caused much of the snow from above to melt, and run into the Delaware and its tributaries.

At Hancock the east branch of the Delaware broke at about five o'clock, and the water rushed forward, carrying trees, lumber, fences, etc., before it. In a short time a dam was formed nearly three miles east of Hancock; then the water rapidly backed up, causing great damage in that village, many of the inhabitants preparing for abandoning their houses. Fortunately, the dam gave way without causing great injury to Hancock.

Owing to the frequent clogging of the great mass of ice, the river ran very slow; not reaching Narrowsburgh until almost three o'clock on Wednesday morning. At Basket the bridge—a frail wooden one—was swept away. At Big Eddy, a short distance below Narrowsburgh, another dam was formed, and the eddy stoutly gorged. Here the water surged and swayed, and seemed vainly seeking an outlet. The ice jammed back five or six miles, but within an hour a portion of the dam succumbed to the force, and the water and huge cakes of ice dashed forward with great velocity. From Big Eddy to Port Jervis, a distance of forty miles, the stream traveled rapidly, reaching Port Jervis at about half-past seven on Wednesday morning.

At six o'clock, in accordance with a plan previously agreed upon by the authorities, the alarm was given, by the ringing of bells and sounding the big whistle. Great excitement ensued. The inhabitants of the lower part of the town commenced to leave for higher ground. Horses, wagons,

Carts, sleighs and carriages were immediately engaged in the removal of the sick and infirm, and household furniture. The streets were filled with excited people. The house-tops were mounted, and every elevation used as a point from which to view the scene then momentarily expected. Germantown, a little village built upon the low bank of the river, and situated about one mile above Port Jervis, was almost entirely deserted.

Shortly after eight o'clock a locomotive—with Superintendent Thomas and others aboard—that had been up to Sawmill Rift, came rushing into town, the bell ringing, the whistle screeching, and the men on the engine wildly gesticulating and shouting to the people to flee to the upper part of the village, as the flood was rapidly approaching, and that the extensive iron bridge of the Erie Railroad Company at Sawmill Rift had been carried away. The rushing waters were quickly in sight, and on they came, freighted with huge blocks of ice, lumber, broken houses and fences. The river overflowed its banks, and the streets in Germantown and the lower parts of Port Jervis were soon flooded. At 8:40 the gorge gave way and the waters rushed madly on. The passage once cleared, the water fell rapidly, and Port Jervis was safe from destruction; but it did not escape without some considerable damage. The beautiful suspension bridge spanning the Delaware at Pike Street was carried away, and many houses on the flats were injured or demolished. Though blocks of ice were thrown up along the banks, and in some instances at the very house-doors of dwellings two hundred feet from the river banks, yet, fortunately, the timely warning of Chief Engineer Chanute prevented the calamity assuming the gigantic proportions once dreaded.

THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

THE past week was a lively one for the daily attendants upon the great scandal trial. Many important witnesses were examined, and several of them developed some rich topics of social gossip—not such as are exactly suited for refined society, but such as have given piquancy and zest to the case. The fact that this kind of evidence is greatly relished by the average listener was evinced by the interest excited. The crowd in attendance was never greater than during last week: not only was every seat in the Court House filled, but the halls and lobbies were packed, and every open doorway was blocked by individuals striving to obtain a glimpse of the interior, or hear a few words of the evidence.

One of the principal witnesses was Mr. Samuel Wilkeson, who was examined on Friday, March 12th. He is one of the publishers of the *Christian Union*, an ardent friend of Mr. Beecher, publisher of Beecher's "Life of Christ," and has been prominently mentioned in several of the negotiations for a peace settlement of the difficulties between the parties. He was the originator of the celebrated tripartite agreement, on which subject he was examined at length. The witness is thus described by a *Star* reporter: "He is a spare old man. His head is bald on the top, but not bare. He combs his hair upward on each side, until the gray locks, in regular layers, cover the scalp. His whitish whiskers taper down to a point. He wears an old-fashioned standing collar and a stock. Altogether, he looks stiff and venerable. In speech he is quick, flipant, and dogmatic; in demeanor, nervous, excitable, and gesticulatory."

Rev. Edmund Eggleston, formerly connected with the *Independent*, was called to give evidence of Mr. Tilton's marked attention to a certain lady; also in reference to certain conversations between the witness and Mr. Tilton, on the subject of marriage, divorce, etc.

On Monday, March 15th, Mr. John W. Harman—a dry-goods dealer and ex-Superintendent—was put upon the witness-stand. His testimony principally related to conversations with Mr. Tilton on this inextricable scandal, but brought out no new facts. Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, the prominent leather merchant and politician, was the next witness. He is a distinguished member of the Union League, and detailed at length an interview had with Mr. Frank B. Carpenter at the club-house, when this gentleman made a proposition that Mr. Schultz should be one of a party to establish, in New York, a newspaper, upon which Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton should have positions. The proposition was suggested as a means to smooth the difficulties between the principals in this trial. Mr. Schultz subsequently characterized the proposition as an attempt at blackmail, which allegation led to considerable discussion.

Mr. Charles G. Judson, a Worth Street dealer in india-rubber goods, was the next witness. He was brought forward to relate conversations with Mr. Tilton about Mr. Beecher and Plymouth Church. His evidence was cut short by objections from Mr. Beach, and the Court said: "It is perfectly idle and trivial to occupy our time with such evidence."

Several members of the Produce Exchange were examined on Tuesday. Their testimony related to denials of the truth of the scandal by Mr. Moulton. Mr. Thomas M. Cook, a Detroit journalist, and formerly a newspaper reporter in New York city, testified to several interviews with Mr. Tilton at Mrs. Woodhull's residence and office.

Mr. John Gallagher, the keeper of a livery stable, testified to driving Mr. Tilton and a lady (supposed to be Mrs. Woodhull) to Coney Island.

The next witness placed upon the stand was Rev. Samuel B. Halliday, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, whose age is, probably, sixty-five; he is about five feet six inches in height. The top of his head is almost bald, relieved by a few white hairs. Lower, a thicker growth of white hair streams down, sweeping back of his ears and over his coat-collar. He has been connected with Plymouth Church for some ten years, and has been assistant pastor for about five years. He commenced testifying on Tuesday, but was interrupted on Wednesday by the examination of Mrs. Lucy W. Mitchell, a nurse who had attended Mrs. Tilton when her children, Paul and Ralph, were born, and also during an illness arising from a miscarriage. Her testimony was relative to the domestic life of the Tilttons.

Rev. John L. Gay, of Bloomington, Ind., and formerly Professor of English Literature in the Indiana State University, was the next witness. His evidence bore on the delivery of a lecture by Mr. Tilton, in which he announced some peculiar doctrines on the marriage relation.

The examination of Deacon Halliday was resumed on Thursday, and closed on Friday. The witness was submitted to a rigid examination and cross-examination.

At the close of Deacon Halliday's testimony, the great sensation of the week took place in the calling of Bessie Turner to the stand.

An unusually full attendance of Plymouth people was a warning of expected interest, and Miss Turner's presence indicated the cause of the increased number and vivacity of the audience. The news that she was to be put on the stand soon brought hundreds more of applicants for admission than could be accommodated under the new

order restricting the spectators to the gallery and the few seats allotted to them on the main floor.

Miss Turner's manner at first was somewhat confused, but her replies were given in a low and pleasant voice. She soon, however, gained confidence, and was self-possessed and unhesitating. She spoke with remarkable readiness, and was altogether an uncommon witness, considering her sex, age, and the character of her story.

We have neither the space nor the inclination to give even a synopsis of her evidence. Suffice it to say that it was a vivid picture of domestic life in Mr. Tilton's home, and contained many revelations of a peculiarly private nature. All right-thinking people will regret the necessity of the introduction of such evidence, and much of it is entirely unfit for publication.

Last week we gave an admirable portrait of this witness, and in this paper we give equally accurate likenesses of the principal witnesses mentioned above. Also sketches of scenes in Court.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE WAR IN SPAIN has—of late for a few days—this notable peculiarity, namely, two rival kings on the field, Don Carlos, whom all his adherents call "the king," and his "little cousin," Alfonso XII. But the latter made only a brief campaign soon after his accession to the throne. His generals probably intended to attack the positions of Santa Barbara and Ciraque, which lay between the two *corps d'armée*, and having gained them, to attempt to surround the Carlists in Estella. But the surprise of February 3d made it impossible to carry out this intention. King Alfonso passed from Oteiza to Puente la Reina, and after entering Pampeluna, started on his return to Madrid. Before quitting the field, however, he was able to learn something about camping-out experiences in time of war. Doubtless he never relished a meal in Paris better than his breakfast with his staff which our cut illustrates.

THE "PRINCE IMPERIAL" DRILLING THE CADETS AT WOOLWICH.—The scene represented by this illustration would have seemed strange, indeed, if it had been revealed as a vision to Napoleon III., on the day when the cannons announced the birth at the Tuilleries of yonder slight, modest-looking youth, his son, and the great-nephew of a certain Corsican who formerly gave the British a deal of trouble in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, and elsewhere. Napoleon I. would have been still more amazed had he been told, in the flush of his triumphs, that he would himself die a prisoner on British soil; that his nephew, after restoring and then losing the Empire, would die an exile in England; and that the son of the latter, unable to enter France, would be indebted for his education to a British military school. Yet all these strange things have come to pass; and there sits in her carriage, on February 16th, the ex-Empress Eugénie, well pleased at seeing the Prince Imperial "perform a few manoeuvres with great confidence and without making a mistake," as the newspapers say.

THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS IN ENGLAND, MESSRS. D. L. MOODY AND I. A. D. SANKEY, hail, we believe, from Chicago, Ill. In June, 1873, they crossed the Atlantic, and commenced their labors at York, where they attracted but little attention. Thence they went to Sunderland, Newcastle, and other towns in the North of England, where they became better known. After appearing in Manchester, Dublin, Edinburgh and Glasgow, they visited Birmingham, and took possession of Bingley Hall—a building which can accommodate some twelve or fifteen thousand persons. At Liverpool it was found necessary to erect an enormous building, at a cost of nearly twenty thousand dollars, contributed by the merchants of that wealthy seaport, and able to seat eight thousand persons at each meeting held by the American revivalists. At present they are holding forth—Moody preaching and Sankey singing—at the Agricultural Hall, in London. They seem to attract as large crowds, and to make as great a sensation, as the eloquent English lay-preacher, Mr. Henry Varley, at the Hippodrome, in New York city.

WHEN MR. JOHN MITCHELL was first elected Member of Parliament for the County of Tipperary, there was considerable popular excitement in the city of Cork, and in the evening large crowds of people, headed by bands, and carrying tar-barrels, paraded the streets in celebration of the famed national triumph. A rumor having got current about 9 o'clock that he had arrived at Queenstown, they marched to the terminus to meet him, but were disappointed. They returned to the city, and, after walking several times about Father Mathew's statue, dispersed and went home. The proceedings were very orderly, and no disturbance of any kind occurred. Mr. Mitchell arrived at Queenstown, at four o'clock the next morning, from America.

MULHARRAO, THE PRESENT GUICOWAR OF BARODA, was called from a prison to the throne, five years ago, by the death of his elder brother, Khandor Rao, who had kept him in confinement on account of conspiracy. Ever since that time, the Court of Mulharao has been renowned throughout the Peninsula for its extravagance and dissipation. The richness of the Guicowar's jewels and the beauty of his dancing-girls were everywhere talked about. This irreclaimable voluptuary and spendthrift became even still more notorious by his vanity, extortion and dire injustice over his own subjects, and by rumors of his intrigues and plots against the supreme government. The remonstrances of Colonel R. Playre, the British Political Resident, however, resulted only in his own recall from office. But before his recall was effected, Colonel Playre narrowly escaped being poisoned—a cup of sherbet, which he was accustomed to take after his morning's walk, having been strongly dosed with arsenic. Suspicion that the Guicowar was in complicity with the attempt to poison the Resident led to a proclamation temporarily deposing Mulharao, who was arrested January 13th, to await the verdict of a Judicial Commission of Inquiry. His trial—the trial of a king—will be one of the events of the nineteenth century. Sergeant Ballantine, a leading English lawyer, has been induced by an enormous retainer to go out to India to defend Mulharao. The latter derives his title of Guicowar (cattle-tender) from the founder of his race, who by his daring and bravery rose from a mere cowherd to be a powerful sovereign.

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT, the eminent French painter, whose works, as we have already taken occasion to say, have exerted so powerful, and in the main, so favorable, an influence on the modern school of landscape-painting, putting an end to the reign of prettiness, pettiness and minute manipulation in art, was born at Paris, in 1796. When the news of his death, on the 24th of February, reached us by the Atlantic cable, we devoted an article to him and his pictures. In presenting his portrait, we need only add that it befits with the intelligence and benevolence which made Corot a special favorite with the French artists, more than one of whom was indebted to him for assistance, advice and protection. They used to call the old man, affectionately, "Father Corot."

MRS. ANNA HORNE died recently in Spiceland, Ind., at the age of ninety-six. For sixty years she officiated as a minister in the Society of Friends, and settled in that State when it was a wilderness infested with wild animals.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A MOVEMENT is on foot at the Cape of Good Hope to introduce salmon and trout into the rivers of that colony; and subscriptions are being made with the view of practically testing the idea. The only obstacle seems to be in the temperature of the water.

A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS has lately been made by the Russian Government with reference to the use of electricity for the headlight of locomotives, a battery of forty-eight elements making everything distinct on the railway track to a distance of over 1,300 feet.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for placing on board one of the steamers running between Liverpool and New York one of the "American Aquarium Cars," a newly-invented contrivance for transporting live fish, which has succeeded very well in long overland journeys, and by means of which it is hoped to effect a useful interchange of living fish of various kinds between the United States and England.

MR. J. E. TAYLOR, F.G.S., has discovered a buried forest in the Orwell. The forest is represented by a layer of peat containing trunks, leaves, and fruits of the oak, elm, hazel, and fir, associated with which are the remains of the mammoth. A bed of fresh-water shells containing species not now living in the Orwell underlies the peat. Mr. Taylor remarks that this submarine forest is contemporaneous with others along the coast which existed previous to the depression separating England from the Continent.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY has been made at Highwood, near the village of Ashill, in Norfolk, England, consisting of a vast collection of Roman remains in an oak-lined well, forty feet deep. The Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society visited the spot on the 16th inst., when the well, under the superintendence of Mr. Barton, was emptied of its contents by a number of workmen. The well contains a great variety of articles, the most abundant being urns, of which about one hundred have been obtained; more than fifty of these are perfect, and many of the most beautiful form and ornamentation. There is considerable doubt as to the purpose which these wells were intended to serve; there are other two at Ashill, and others have been found elsewhere.

BY A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS Mr. Robert Hunt has succeeded in proving that the heat of the earth does not continue increasing in proportion to depth. Down to 100 fathoms it certainly does so, to the extent of one degree for every 50 feet. But in the second 100 feet this falls to one degree in 70 feet, and in the third 100 feet one degree in 85 feet. It follows that since great depths do not necessarily involve excessively high temperature, coal-working can be carried on below the level previously considered impossible. This is practically proved at Charleroi, in Belgium, where coals are won without any difficulty at the depth of 4,000 feet, or about three-quarters of a mile. By including the quantity remaining in the English coal-fields down to that level, the supply would probably be sufficient to last for another thousand years, even at the present rate of consumption. But it is quite possible that before long considerable saving will result from more economical methods of burning fuel.

FUN.

THE origin of Easter eggs—a hen.

MRS. PARTINGTON says: "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early Sunday morning and go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

THE woman who wore her absent lover's kisses on her lips for him to come and take again, survived long enough to bestow them upon a responsible third party, with great collateral securities.

"NO KITTEN appeals in school ours!" reads a sign on the blackboard of a schoolhouse in enlightened old Massachusetts, where Education is supposed to sit on the top rail and make faces at Ignorance.

"WILL the boy who threw that pepper on the stove come up here and get a present of a nice book?" said a Sunday-school superintendent in Iowa. But the boy never moved; he was a far-seeing boy.

A LITTLE girl and boy, three or four years old, were playing on the ice, when she fell down and commenced to cry. "Bub ran up and soothingly lisped: 'Don't cry! Thwair! Thwair! They damn!'"

THE expression of a nervous woman's face upon getting into a dentist's chair is something that no man can imitate until he gets a letter from his mother-in-law, sharply inquiring if that spare room is ready.

ONE of the jurors in the Beecher case is becoming very uneasy, and is looking for a substitute. He says he promised to take his family to the Centennial exhibition next year, and he doesn't want to disappoint them.

A YOUNGSTER, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said, "Go 'way from the stove; the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent, demurely replied, "I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands."

THE other day a man found four boys playing cards on the hay-mow, and he was proceeding to give them "flits," when one of them spoke up and said: "We wasn't playing keards. Tom Lester's mother is dead, and we were up here showing him the pictures on the keards so he wouldn't feel lonesome."

THE *Detroit Free Press* tells about an urchin who was seated on the post-office steps of that city, going through a watermelon, when a man halted, and asked: "This is a great town for hogs, isn't it, bub?" "Wall, no," drawled the lad, as he filled his mouth again, and kept his eyes on the man; "you'll be awful lonesome here."

THE lady who tapped her husband gently with her fan at a party, and said, "Love! it's growing late—I think we had better be going home," is the same one who, after getting home, shook the rolling-pin under his nose, and said: "You old scoundrel, you! If you ever look at the mean, calico-faced, mackerel-eyed thing that you looked at to night, I'll—I'll be the death of you!"

"I DETARE, Joseph," sighed a Detroit mother, as she sat putting a patch on young Joseph's pants, "they must have awful hard seats in school. This is the fourth time I've had to patch these pants in two weeks." "They have, mother," he promptly replied; "just tear a boy all to pieces." The old lady ought to see him riding down-hill on a shingle, with the American flag sticking up alongside his ear!

THE warts which todes is noted for can't be cured, for "they is cronick, but if I couldnt get wel ide stay in the house. My grandfather knew a tode which somebody had tamed till it was folks. When its master willed it would come for flies. They catches 'em with their tuten, which is some like a long red worm, but more like litten! only litten hain't got no gum onto it. The fli will be a standin' a rubbin' its hind legs together and a-thinkin' wat a fine fli it is, and the tode a settin' some distance away like it was asleep. Wile you are seein' the fli as plane as you ever see anything, all at once it ain't there. Then the tode he looks up at you sollem, out of his eyes, like he said, 'Wat's become of that fli?' but you kuo he et it."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

GOVERNOR TILDEN signed the Bill giving Rochester a new charter. A case of vendetta by Italians occurred in St. Louis. Charges of neglect were preferred against the Coast Life-saving Service. The Pinchback matter was laid over to next December, on motion of Senator West. The Spanish Minister at Washington handed President Grant an autographic letter from King Alfonso announcing his accession to the throne. All the sub-boards of the Civil Service Bureau were abolished. Judge McKean was removed from the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court of Utah by the President. The Legislature of Pennsylvania reported the local option law. The Judiciary Committee of the New York Legislature reported adversely on the Bill to allow husband and wife to testify for or against each other in civil suits. Barclay, Voorhies & Co., bankers, of Chicago, suspended. A strike of miners near Scranton, Pa., occurred. A mass-meeting of Germans was held in New York city to protest against withdrawing the study of German from the public schools. A constitutional convention will be held at Raleigh, N. C., in September next. John Robinson, of circus fame, was nominated as the Republican candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati. Hooper, Reese & Co., bankers of Baltimore, suspended. The Mobile Spring races opened at the Magnolia Course. Nebraska was visited by the severest snow-storm of the Winter. The ice-gorge in the Delaware broke, and much damage was done at Port Jervis. The Hawaiian treaty was ratified by the United States Senate. An adjournment of the Pennsylvania Legislature was declared at noon, on the 18th. The fourth anniversary of the revolution of the Commune in Paris, was celebrated in New York, on the 18th. The semi-centennial celebration of the organization of the Church of the Messiah, in New York city, occurred on the 19th. The military will endeavor to prevent white settlements in the Black Hills reservation. Several snow-slides occurred in the Utah cañons, but without producing loss of life.

FOREIGN.

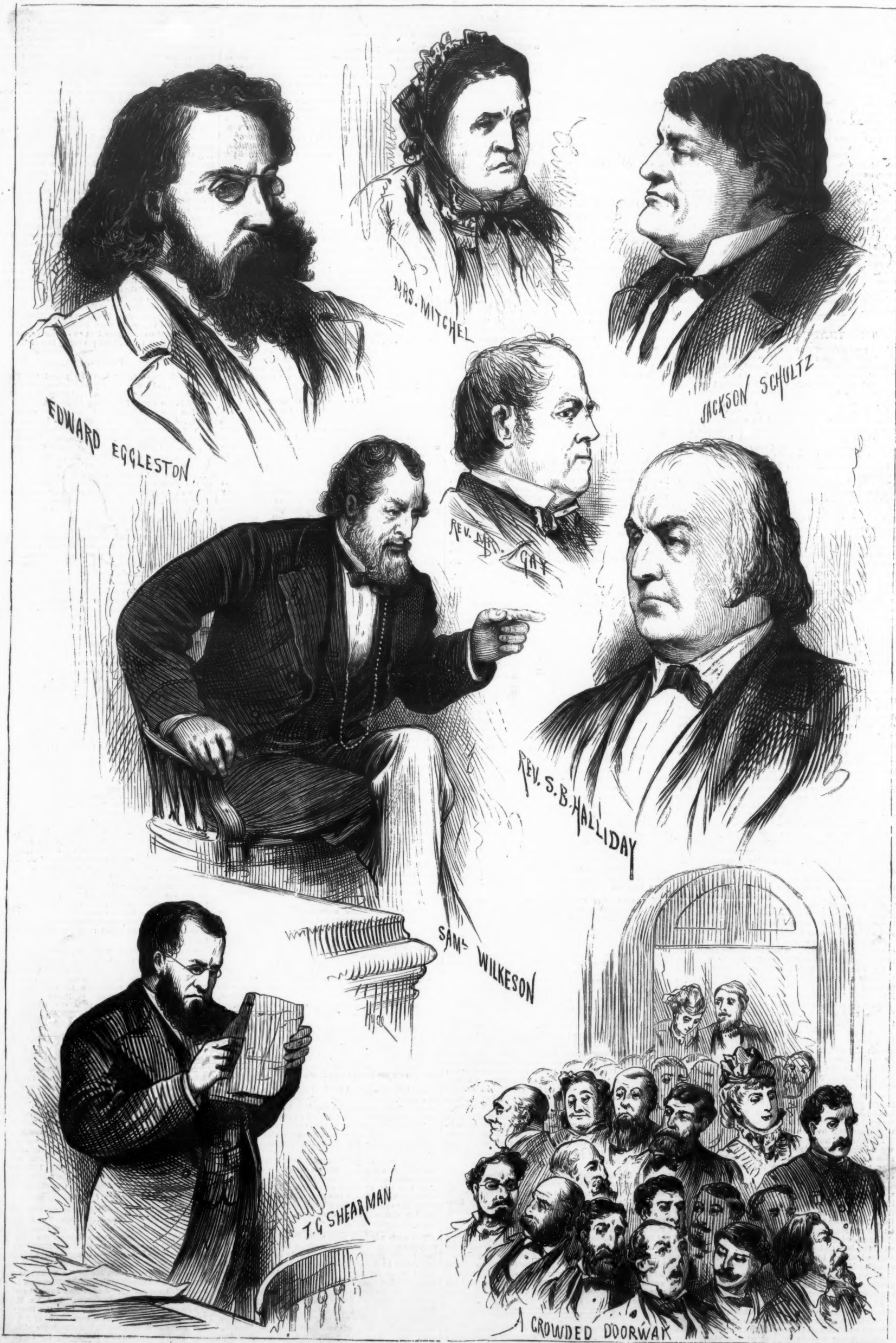
THE military reorganization Bill passed the French Assembly. A treaty for a postal union between Holland and Denmark was ratified. Several Houses were sacked in the town of Tipperary because the owners refused to illuminate for Mr. Mitchell's re-election to Parliament. J. C. Imthurn & Co., merchants of London, failed, with \$10,000,000 liabilities. Archbishops McCloskey of New York, Manning of London, Ledochowski of Posen, and Deschamps, and Monsignor Giannelli and Bartolini, were created Cardinals. The Hamburg, American and Eagle Steamship Companies consolidated. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier was elected President of the French Assembly. General Cabrera, of Don Carlos's army, defeated with his army and proclaimed in favor of the King. Germany and Italy are exchanging private letters about the election of the new Pope. Heavy reinforcements for Cuba sailed from Santander, Spain. The General South American Banking Company of London failed, with \$1,500,000 liabilities. "Pathfinder" won the grand national steeple-chase at the Liverpool Spring meeting. In the German Reichstag the Ecclesiastical Bill was amended by Government to deprive priests of any share in the administration of Church property. The clauses withdrawing State grants from Roman Catholic Bishops were passed, and amid loud protests an Ultramontane member read the Pope's last Encyclical. The French Assembly decided to adjourn from March 20th to May 5th, and provision was made for the appointment of a permanent committee to sit during the recess. Spain asked Austria to expel Don Alfonso from her territory, on account of his infamous crimes. The United States steamship *Saranac* goes to Acapulco, to inquire into the massacre of American citizens there. An Inter-Provincial Exhibition will be held at Montreal next Fall, made up of articles designed for the Centennial. The Oxford crew won in the University race on the Thames, on the 20th.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

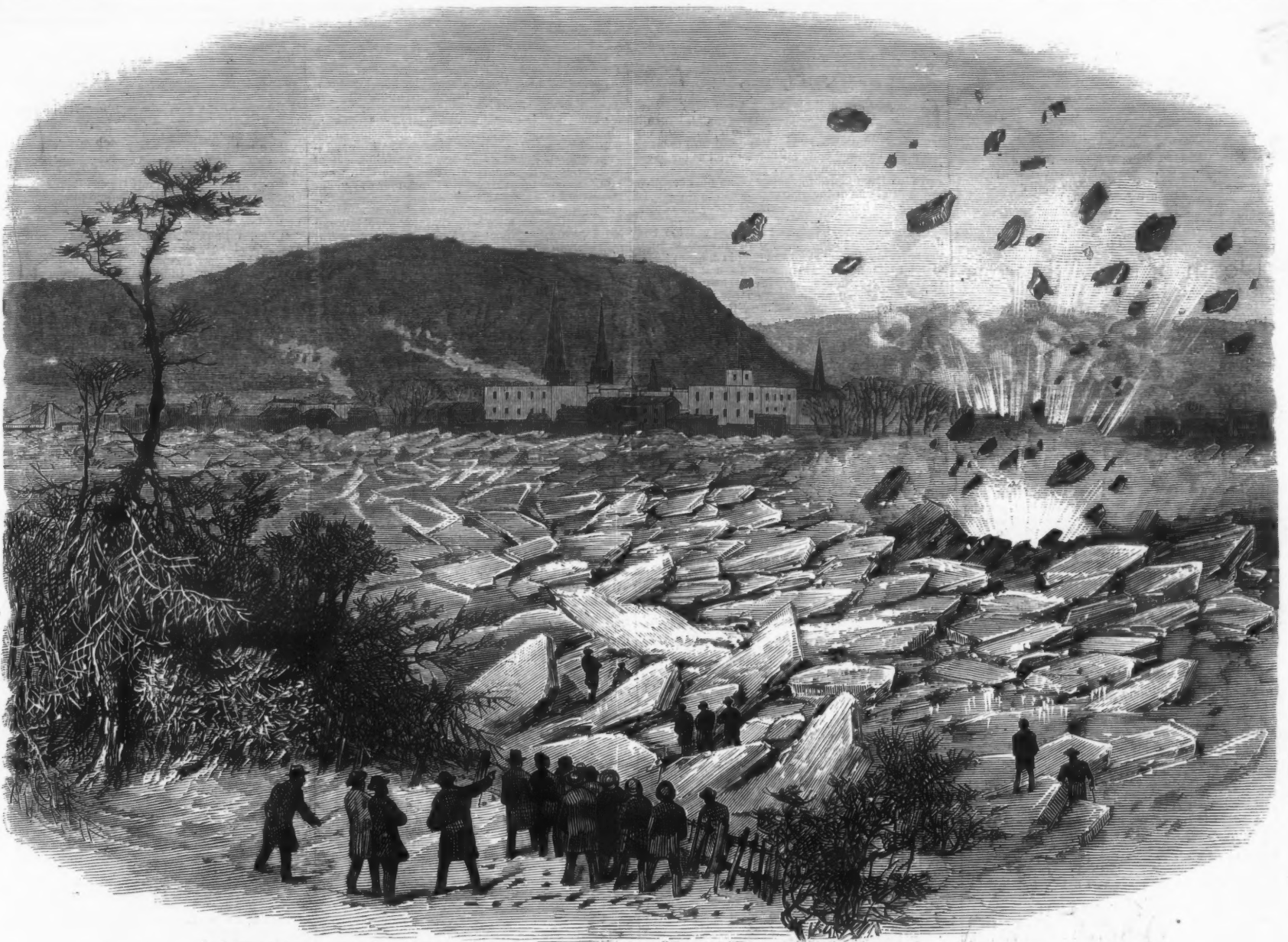
NEW YORK CITY.—Miss Kellogg will begin an engagement of one week at the Academy on Easter Monday. This is the last week of Mme Ristori at the Lyceum, and on March 29th Mlle. Alméida will begin a season of opera-bouffe. Barnum's Hippodrome will be reopened March 29th, for two weeks only. The fifth and last performance of "Girofle-Girofla" was given at the Park Theatre, March 20th. The fifth concert of the New York Philharmonic Society was given at the Academy on the 20th. There will be one more before the season closes. Frank Mayo, in "Davy Crockett," began an engagement at the Park on the 22d. Miss Lina Mayr was given a benefit at the Germania on the 17th, when she appeared in a German translation of "Girofle-Girofla," which held the boards the balance of the week. The "Two Orphans" at the Union Square, the "Big Bonanza" at the Fifth Avenue, and the "Shaughraun" at Wallack's, attract as large audiences as when first presented. Miss Heilbron gave a piano recital at Steinway Hall on the 18th.

PROVINCIAL.—Edwin Booth appeared as *Shylock*, in the "Merchant of Venice," in Boston, last week, and all the critics fell to comparing Mr. Booth's delineation with that of Mr. Lawrence Barrett, recently given there. The Fifth Avenue Theatre Combination Troupe presented the "Two Orphans," at Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore, on the 15th, the tableau of the "Place St. Sulpice" receiving special commendation. John T. Raymond will begin an engagement in Boston, on May 17th, with *Colin Sellers*. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Booth were in Troy, New York, last week. Edwin Booth will be followed at the Boston Theatre by the "Shaughraun," which, after a run of four weeks, will give way to Joseph Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle*. Miss Adelaide Neilson appeared as *Isabella*, in "Measure for Measure," in Cincinnati, and elicited much praise. The Harvard Musical Association will repeat Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," at Music Hall, Boston, April 14th. The Kellogg Opera Troupe will fulfill a two-weeks' engagement in Boston next month. Miss Clara Morris was so successful at the California Theatre, San Francisco, that she was besieged with requests to fill a re-engagement, and began it with the tragedy of "Jane Shore." Cincinnati will hold its Biennial Musical Festival on the 12th, 13th and 14th of May. Theodore Thomas will be the musical director, and Otto Singer the assistant. An immense organ is being built for the festival.

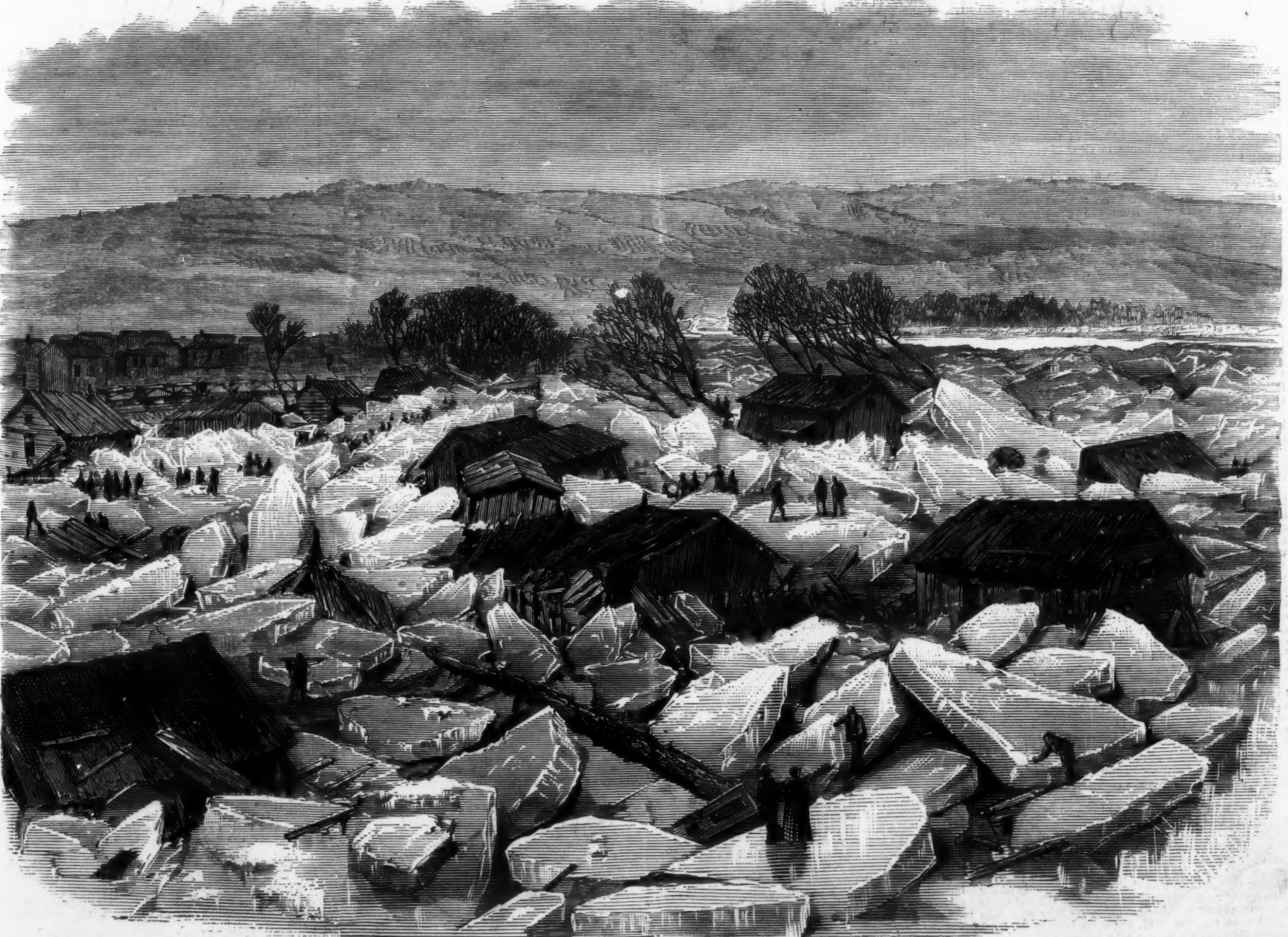
FOREIGN.—Gounod has sold Manager Gay the sole right of producing "Romeo and Juliet" in England. Faure is now singing in the title rôle of Rossini's "William Tell," at the Grand Opera House, Paris. The piece is presented in magnificent style. Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" has been translated into Danish, and is running at Copenhagen. Genevieve de Brabant, with alterations and additions by the author, is on the boards of the Paris Gaité. The Marquis d'Ivry has composed an opera on "Romeo and Juliet," under the title of "Les Amants de Verona," and Mr. Mapleson has secured an English translation for the Drury Lane, London. A Turkish translation of "La Belle Helene" has been given in Constantinople with much success. On the 26th of February the 100th representation of "Hamlet" with Mr. Irving in the title rôle, was given at the London Lyceum.



THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.—PORTRAITS AND INCIDENTS.—SEE PAGE 55.



THE ICE-GORGE—BLOWING-UP THE ICE WITH NITRO-GLYCERINE, ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 17TH, IN ORDER TO OPEN A CHANNEL.



THE SCENE ON THE FLAT IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FLOOD, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17TH.

NEW YORK.—THE ICE-GORGE AND THE FLOOD AT PORT JERVIS.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 54.

SPRING AIR.

BY
THOMAS CAREW.

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air,
That with kind warmth doth repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of the East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn and clears the sky;
Whose dishevelled tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dressed,
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless Spring
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

THE
Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH
MORNING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

"NOW, as you have eaten next to nothing this day, Miss Wymond, you must have a nice supper. The cook's going to broil a beautiful fat chicken, and I am going to make an apple-tart—Mr. Haslitt and I are very fond of chicken and apple-tart—and I can assure you, Miss Wymond, my apple-tart with scalded cream is worth eating; Haslitt says there's nothing in the world can beat it," my landlady said, laughing merrily, as she planned up her silk gown, tied a white apron around her plump matronly figure, and sat down to pare a dish of delicate, whitish-green Summer apples. "Don't you go and tire yourself with a long walk, miss, or you'll not enjoy your supper," she added, with a warning nod to me out of the bar-parlor as I left the room.

"No," I rejoined; "I am only going for a stroll, and shall not be long."
I had not told her or any one—I did not acknowledge it even to myself—that I longed to look on the dear old house at Grayfriars once more. I walked on slowly through the still, warm Summer evening air, and, leaving the hot dusty streets behind me, proceeded half unconsciously, letting my feet wander on whither they would, until I paused half way up the steep, dark-shaded hilly road that skirted the park-wall of Grayfriars to the south.

A little way above me on the right hand were the grim, tall, iron-barred gates with their ivied pillars and the vista of deep, dark green wood beyond. Silently fell my footsteps on the soft white dust of the side-walk, deeper and denser grew the overarching shades of the mighty oaks and beeches.

A slight tremor came over me as I stole silently on in the shadow as if I were a thief, and, creeping up to the nearest side-gate, peered in wistfully. I had no longer a right to enter there. These gates were seldom if ever left unlocked; only the tenants of Grayfriars Lodge possessed a key besides the owner or her servants.

With a heavy sigh I had half turned to go away, when my hand, which had been resting on a spring-bolt fastening, sank suddenly, and I heard the lock click back.

The gate was opened, then! Breathing quick with pleasure and excitement, I unlatched it, and, stepping inside, shut it after me and walked swiftly on through the avenue.

The shadows of the trees made almost midnight here, save where a crimson shaft of lurid light from the rays of the setting sun pierced the gloom, and trembled like a blood-stained spear across the pale-green grasses and moss-grown earth. My heart beat loudly as I hurried on, rushing with flying steps past the gloomy, weird old ruined portal of the ancient porter's lodge with the mysterious copse and its dreary hidden cell, until I reached the more open, lightsome road, and came in view of the dear old home I had lost.

Drear solitude and silence abode in it now, with its closed doors, shuttered windows, and smokeless chimneys; the flowerbeds overgrown and untended, save for an odd visit from the gardener at the Abbey, the fruit ripening unheeded within the locked-up orchard-walls. From their stand in the honeysuckle arbor the little straw beehives were gone, from the empty dovecote in the kitchen-yard the pretty iris-plumage inmates.

I wandered slowly about with a swelling heart, remembering all that had been, thinking of all that was to be; timidly touching the flowers my own hand had planted, noticing their growth, and wondering if the woman who would next be mistress here would pull those up, transplant these elsewhere, and change the face of everything, until at length I came to one little shady border where I had carefully planted in peat-mold lily-of-the-valley roots two years ago.

They had not thriven or blossomed at all whilst I had lived there, but now, having at last struck deep root in the moist fibrous earth, and favored by the season, two of the plants amidst their large, soft green leaves bore slender swaying stalks, hung with exquisite little fragrant white bells.

"Oh, my pretty little lilies, you will always bloom for strangers now—never for me!" I cried, child-like, sobbing aloud, whilst I gathered my much-prized and beloved lily-blossoms for the first and last time, and sat down on the doorsteps to arrange them within some protecting leaves.

One of those mysterious chains of association which are ever lying dormant in some mystic chamber of that most marvelous mystery, the brain, flashed into the magnetic brightness of vivid memory as I did so, reminding me of that dark Summer midnight when I had sat just as I did now on the doorsteps beside the clustering buds of the red japonica, with its still shining leaves curving and rustling against my dress as they did now.

The same forlorn homeless feeling pervaded me, the same dreary timid loneliness, the same weary, aching yearning for the loving, cherishing protection of a beloved, comforting presence which was far beyond the reach of pleading hands or voice—far as the realm where never human cry of longing love and entreaty can come; the same twilight stillness beneath the deep tree-shadows and the same mingled incense of the flowers rising heavenward were around me.

There was but one omission—comprehensible enough in this brighter, clearer evening light—the ghostly, dark, shadowy figure that I had fancied I saw gliding towards me through the gloom of that Summer midnight which had so foolishly terrified me. Foolishly; for I ought to have known then, as I knew now, whose was that eccentric lonely figure wandering restlessly and ghost-like in the darkness and solitude of night—the unhappy lady who, idle slanderous tongues said, knew no friends or companionship but the spirits who haunted her for bygone crimes or errors.

The twilight deepened as I sat lonely and silent,

the night-lamps began to gather around, and a soft pearly mist, breathed from some changing currents far out on the ocean waters, crept softly in from the sea horizon and veiled the pale blue eastern sky and the crescent moon gleaming in a faintly golden semicircle there.

"There is going to be a change," I said, mechanically.

And as I uttered the words a fresh throb of remembrance—rather, a keen quick pang, beneath which I shrank and writhed—made me rise to my feet, tighten my shawl around me, and turn to leave the place haunted truly for me, as well as for her—that other miserable woman.

As I did so I heard the sound of an opening door—a door of one of the apartments within the empty uninhabited house, at the doorsteps of which I was standing.

For one minute I believed that my hearing had deceived me as to the sound of the turning handle, the reverberating click of the lock in the emptiness of the room, and the slow moving sound of the revolving hinges; the next, however, I heard the tread of soft footsteps over the bare boards, and, starting away in terror, I caught sight of the bare uncurtained drawing-room window, in which stood Lady Cecilia's figure.

To my astonishment she smiled almost brightly, and, making a quick eager gesture to detain me, unfurled the sashes and opened them.

I could do no less than return her friendly greeting—awkwardly enough, I fear, as I first bowed and smiled constrainedly, and then advanced to take her outstretched hand.

"Ah," she said, with a strange kind of pleasant excitement in her manner, "I am glad to see you—I wanted to see you."

"Why?" I asked, involuntarily, in my surprise. "Not a very friendly question," said her ladyship, with a slight resumption of her cold haughty manner. "Could it not possibly be because I was anxious for the pleasure of resuming my acquaintance with you?"

"I do not see why it should, Lady Cecilia," returned I, coldly, and almost impatiently.

"You think I have another reason?" she said, smiling rather strangely.

"Yes," replied I, gravely.

"Perhaps you are right in a measure," she said, carelessly toying with the soft laces of the beautiful dark floating Spanish-like costume she always wore in Summer. Then, abruptly, she added: "You came to look at your old home once more? Do you wish to enter?" I can admit you in a moment."

"No—oh, no!" I said, hurriedly, with a sigh. "I only came to take one last look at the house outside and the garden, and to carry away a souvenir."

"A souvenir? Ah, you are one of those persons who keep souvenirs—faded likenesses, withered flowers, yellow letters, and things of that sort," her ladyship commenced, in a cool, sarcastic tone. "A very appropriate one you have chosen, also, I perceive." Her haughty smile was directed towards the little white cluster of blossoms in my hand. "Of course you know the language-of-flowers sentiment which the lily-of-the-valley expresses? No? Is it possible? I thought all young ladies studied floral sentiments. It means 'Return of happiness,' Miss Wymond."

"Does it?" I said, quietly. "And now, as my return to my hotel is of more present importance to me, might I ask if your ladyship knows whether I can pass out through the lodge-entrance? The side-entrance of the park is so far off."

"The lodge-entrance is bolted and locked, and the key is at the Abbey, in the steward's keeping," her ladyship replied, with a gleam of malicious amusement in her eyes.

"Indeed!" I said, flushing a little. "Then I must go at once, before the twilight is gone. I wish your ladyship good-evening."

"The ranger has just made the round of all the park-gates," she observed, smiling again, "and they are locked, every one."

"Then—then—" began I, flushing more deeply between embarrassment and annoyance.

"Then," she supplied, "you are locked into Grayfriars for the night, Miss Wymond, unless I give orders to let you out."

"Well, but you will give the orders, will you not? Please," said I, smiling in spite of myself. "I did not know that there would be any difficulty about entering or leaving the park, or I should not have come hither."

"Yes, you would," she contradicted, steadily. "You came because you could not help it. A stronger influence than you could resist brought you hither to-night, Gwendoline Wymond."

"Whose influence? Yours?" asked I, timidly.

"No; not mine," she answered, scornfully. "I possess but little influence over you, or natures like yours. It was the influence of your destiny, Gwendoline—an influence from which you could not swerve by one hair's breadth either to the right hand or the left—an influence which brought you every inch of the way you have come from your home, thirty miles distant, and would have brought you ten times thirty just as surely."

"Brought me? For what purpose?" I inquired, bewildered, and drawing away a little from Lady Cecilia, with a faint sensation of alarm.

"Ah," she said, with a dark smile in her stern eyes, "destiny does not unfold its secrets to please the impatience or faithlessness of mortals."

"Nor does heaven unfold its secret ways and dealings until the moment comes when its will is that we should know them," I rejoined, tremulously.

"That means," she said, "that you would neither wait upon nor believe in the secret ways and dealings of destiny—not even to discover the possible dawning of happiness which heaven has hidden from you?"

"It has done all things well," I answered steadfastly to the scoffing tone in her voice.

She remained silent a moment.

"You are faithful in that, at all events," she observed, in a low voice. "Faithful as I believe you are in all, or would have been, but that destiny has been too strong for you."

"In what way?" I asked, troubled.

"Are you not to be married before the end of this month?" she said, briefly.

"Yes, on the twentieth," I answered; and I strove, for Walter's sake—for honor's sake—to say it calmly and cheerfully.

"Would you have believed, had I told you when you platted these lilies, that, when they blossomed, that dark-faced man would be your bridegroom, and that George, the fair young sailor you thought you loved so well, would be forgotten?" she persisted.

"George is not forgotten!" I interrupted, passionately. "He will never be forgotten—not for one hour—to the last day of my life!"

"But your future thoughts, as well as your life, belong to the man you are going to marry," she said, harshly. "You cannot make a half-and-half bargain of wedlock. You will be his, body and soul, girl—do you forget that?"

I could not answer her; and she in her turn silently watched my quivering lips and my reckless, nervous fingers crushing the leaves and flowers.

"You cannot resist his influence or his will then," she went on, in a low tone; "you will speak and

act and think as he pleases then: you cannot resist him now to a certain degree. Gwendoline, do not marry him before the twentieth."

"No," I said, involuntarily. "But why—why, Lady Cecilia, do you speak as if my betrothed husband were not my own choice?"

"I tried hard for Walter's sake—for honor's sake—to keep back tears of wretchedness, and hardly succeeded."

"Choice!" she cried, sarcastically. "Your own choice, free and unbiased, of course, when you accepted Walter Hesketh for your future husband—your own choice, when he urged the fulfillment of your promise so soon—your own choice still, when you give consent to his urgent request for a speedier marriage before the twentieth."

"I promised Mrs. Allan to marry him at any time he chose to claim my promise," I replied, coldly and indifferently. "Since you know so much concerning me, you doubtless know that. It does not matter if I marry him six days hence or sixteen."

An eager, earnest look flashed into Lady Cecilia's eyes. She quitted the window, and, hurriedly unlocking the front entrance, rejoined me outside.

"The evening grows damp with the sea-fog," she said, in her ordinary tone and manner. "We had better leave this place and walk on towards the Abbey."

During my residence here I had never ventured near the grand old Tudor pile of buildings; and it was with feelings of strong curiosity and interest that I surveyed it now, as Lady Cecilia walked silently beside me up the main avenue.

The front, with its massive entrance-doors and pillared sculptured doorway, stood raised by only a shallow flight of broad massive black granite steps, with heavy stone balusters; but at the sides, following the angles of the building, ran the wide flagged terraces, overlooked by the narrow mullioned windows, with their massive carvings, which were all of the olden time, as were the huge dark clumps of ancient yew-trees, shadowing in deep obscurity the further ends of the terraces, their lofty funeral forms standing like weird monuments of the past, revealed against the stretching background of lower grassy terraces of bright velvet sod, and the graceful pale gray marble vases ablaze with crimson blossoms and trailing purple leaves, which were all of the youthful present and its Summer beauty.

Silently following my conductress still, I ascended one flight of steps, walked beside her the whole length of the smooth flagged terrace, like a cloister-walk in its echoing silence and gloom, descended another flight of steps, and passed through a dark archway into a high-walled quadrangle.

"Oh," I exclaimed, with surprised irrepressible admiration—"it is like a Spanish picture!"

"You are perfectly right," Lady Cecilia said, turning to me with an undisguised expression of pleased satisfaction; "it is a Spanish rose-garden under an English sky."

Within the high-walled quadrangle the sultry warmth of the Summer day remained. The massive walls, the buttresses of which were garlanded with vine-leaves and clusters of ripening grapes, purple and golden-green, suffered no breath of cold winds to enter roughly there; only the branches of the great oaks and beeches, the additional shelter of which surrounded it, could look down over the embattled walls of the old abbey quadrangle to see the orange-trees in blossom, the masses of pale blue hydrangea, the oleanders and myrtles and roses—roses clustering low on the green velvet grass—roses filling the marble baskets of marble fountains and wood-nymphs—roses around the wide shallow basin of the central fountain, dipping their buds and fluttering their petals over the surface of the clear water, eddying softly away from the ceaseless rippling, tinkling shower of falling drops from the silver jet, flung high into the still warm air—roses trailing and swaying from the balconies which overlooked the inclosure, the scent of roses filling the air—roses everywhere—damask-purple, pale satiny pink, dewy vivid crimson—the roses of Spain.

Passing through the lower of the rose-wreathed balconies, Lady Cecilia motioned to me to enter through the open arched doorway.

The room I entered was a small foreign-looking apartment, with a floor of brightly-polished oak, a ceiling paneled in dark wood, and the walls hung with dark purple drapery and several large massively-framed dusky oil-paintings.

The room was lighted only by the doorway in the covered balcony and two narrow casements high up in the wall on the same side as the door, filled with rich stained glass.

A few low seats covered with purple cloth embroidered with gold-color silks, one or two richly-carved antique tables, a set of hanging shelves of ebony filled with books, and a beautiful curious-looking writing table, on which lay sheets of vellum, paper, and a half-illuminated page, were the only articles of furniture in the room, if I except a splendid crystal chandelier of cut-glass as brilliant and translucent as the showery radiance of the playing fountain outside.

On one of the tables was laid a large silver tray, its contents hidden by a white damask cloth.

"It is supper-time—at least my supper-time—I perceive," said Lady Cecilia, with a slight smile. "Miss Wymond, will you do me the favor to join my solitary repast?"

"Thank you," I replied, feeling surprised, and, I must own, slightly flattered by the unexpected courtesy of the invitation; "but supper is waiting for me at my hotel, Lady Cecilia, and my landlady will be very uneasy at my long absence."

"You can send a message," she suggested, drawing the cloth off the tray herself—for there was no attendant—and motioning me to a seat with another smile—"unless you are afraid of Spanish fare."

"Not in the least," I rejoined, smiling also, as I laid aside my bonnet and shawl, and seated myself for a *tête-à-tête* supper of cold roast fowl, small rolls of snow-white bread, an odd-looking but exquisite salad of cream and tomatoes apparently, and many other ingredients as well, highly seasoned, but cold, rich, and delicate, and tall, slender-stemmed glasses of a superb ruby-colored wine, the aroma of which made the whole air fragrant—a *tête-à-tête* supper with Lady Cecilia Murray.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHE was silent during the time of supper, save for a few remarks of mine with reference to the Abbey and its ancient history, to which my hostess responded courteously; but, when we had risen from the table and I was moving towards the balcony, she staid me with one of those quick, impressive gestures I had noticed before—those gestures which one may see so often beneath a Southern sky—so seldom beneath a Northern.

"Wait—wait—until the moonlight is on the flowers and the fountain; it looks like a garden in Andalusia then," she said, and there was a lingering accent of regret in her voice.

"You have lived there?" I questioned, timidly. "Yes," she replied, briefly. The monosyllable discouraged me from essaying another question; and Lady Cecilia, going to her writing-table, placed some paper on the embossed leathern desk.

"Will you come here and write two notes?" she said, keeping one hand on the desk, and steadfastly watching me.

I went over obediently and sat down.

"To whom am I to write, Lady Cecilia?"

"One to your landlady at the hotel, the other to your aunt, Miss Sophia Wymond," her ladyship replied, deliberately.

I dropped the pen with a blotch of ink on the snowy paper.

"To my aunt, Lady Cecilia?"

"To tell her, if you please," said her ladyship, gravely, "that you intend staying at Grayfriars Abbey for a few days."

"You are very kind, Lady Cecilia," I stammered, amazedly, "but—but—it is impossible. I am required at home; you know there are preparations to be made."

"Yes, I know," she interposed, as gravely as ever, "and only sixteen days longer in which to make them—only sixteen days—and the time may be even shorter. Still, spare me three of those days, will you? It is the first request I have ever made to you."

"It is granted, Lady Cecilia," I said; and then, with much inward wonderment and much outward calmness, I wrote the two notes, which she took from my hand, and, advancing to one end of the room, laid them on a black marble bracket with one hand and touched a gilded spring, which seemed to be part of one of the massive picture-frames, with the other, when a whole panel of the purple drapery revolved back on noiseless hinges, disclosing a small square hall with tessellated pavement, from which a narrow spiral staircase went winding up in mysterious gloom, the effect of which was heightened by the colored rays of purple and crimson and yellow light from the large stained-glass lamp which swung suspended by long slender chains overhead.

At the other side of the hall was an arched doorway, within which hung heavy cloth curtains half looped back.

"Come in here; I think we can occupy ourselves with books and music for a couple of hours at least," Lady Cecilia said; and I was ushered into a third apartment, which was, in fact, two apartments divided by another arched doorway.

Of the first and larger the floor was of dark-polished oak, like the small, Spanish-looking saloon beyond, and the walls were lined to the ceiling—which was of grained woodwork—with books. On one side, beneath the broad window, which was latticed and embayed with rich, dark carved woodwork also, stood a large table, strewn and heaped with papers and what seemed to be draughtsmen's instruments, and sheets of vellum and cards covered with extraordinary diagrams; and beside the table stood two immense globes—celestial and terrestrial—mounted on stands of polished brass, and around them lay brazen circles and meridians, dial-plates, sextants, quadrants, compasses, and numerous other instruments, mathematical and nautical, the shapes of which were as wonderful to me as were their possible uses, which I could but dimly imagine.

The apartment was lighted by the concentrated glare of light from the reading-lamps over the table and the soft red glow of a small charcoal fire which burned in a Spanish *braserio*, enriched with encaustic tiles, in the middle of the room.

The second and smaller room was lit up with the soft, bright radiance of candles, clustered in antique bronze holders on either side of a splendid organ; on the other side of the room stood a harp, and on a low velvet couch lay a beautiful guitar with its broad purple ribbon and sheets of manuscript music.

"There is a piano in my sitting-room, in the requested part of the house," Lady Cecilia said, turning to me, "but not one here. Do you play on either of those instruments?"

I glanced from the stately gilded pipes of the organ to the magnificent harp, and almost smiled as I shook my head in emphatic assertion that I did not.

"I will play for you then, for a little. Sit down there, and listen."

She pointed to the low soft-cushioned couch, and, waiting until I was ensconced amongst its pillows, drew forward the harp, and, sinking down in a graceful, half-kneeling position beside it, she flung her laces back from her hands and arms, and, striking a few chords of prelude, began to play such music as I had never heard before.

As her small attenuated hands glided hither and thither with scarcely perceptible motion, or swept the quivering strings in flashing arpeggios, they awoke melody so plaintive, so wild, so fierce, so sad, so altogether heart-stirring, strange, and terrible, that I forgot everything else—forgot where I was—forgot my own identity almost, in listening, pondering—in pleasure, pain, and deep emotion.

The measures of those songs without words were strange—as strange as abrupt wild changes from sweet warbling airs like a village-girl's song, or a happy mother's lullaby to a babe, to a savage battle-march, to the cries of hatred and despair of warring friends, to the wordless lamentation of a ruined soul.

The time passed on; the night deepened, and the stillness and solitude were unbroken, save for the music of the harp and its strange performer. The influences of the place, time, and circumstances overcame me in spite of myself. Becoming less and less conscious of my surroundings, I felt as if I were in a waking dream, from which some strange lethargy prevented my even making an effort to rouse myself.

I lay back quietly amongst the cushions of the Spanish couch, and gazed like one in a trance at the gleaming of the burnished harp-frame, the dark bowed head with its cloudy black lace draperies, and the small white hands flying over the bright trembling strings.

Once she raised her head and glanced at me, and then, with scarcely a pause, the clanging, wailing music changed into a soft, sweet, plaintive old-time melody, and Lady Cecilia, in a low, thrilling contralto voice, sang one of the grand old ballads of the Border minstrelsy—Sir Patrick Spence and his ill-fated voyage.

The quaint old Scottish words of the sad story had a terrible expressiveness sung by that desolate, sorrow-wrecked woman. She might have been one of those hapless ones herself of whom it was said:

"O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi' their gold kems (combs) in their hair,
Waiting for their ain dear lords,
For they'll see thame na mair!

"Have owre, have owre to Aberlour,
It's little sadam deip;
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit."

Dead silence followed the song, and through the still night air came eleven slow ringing strokes of the great Abbey clock in its lofty turret.

"Eleven o'clock," Lady Cecilia said, and, rising and pushing aside the harp, she came and stood before me.

"Gwendoline, I have something to say to you—come in here."

She drew my hand within her arm, less with a friendly than an imperative gesture, and we went

back into the study, with its glowing charcoal fire in the great *brasero*, the dusky Rembrandt shadows clinging about the rank of dark-bound volumes, the reflecting gleams from the polished surface of the oaken floor, the gigantic globes and strange instruments mounted on weird-shaped stands, and the white glare of the shaded lamps on the great table, on the charts, on the diagrams, and on the astronomical maps.

(To be continued.)

HON. GEORGE B. BRADLEY, NEW YORK STATE SENATOR.

SENATOR BRADLEY represents the Twenty-seventh Senatorial District, composed of the Counties of Steuben, Chemung, and Schuyler, and is serving his second year in the Senate. He was elected in 1873 in face of a strong Republican majority in his district, and is one of the most accomplished, cultured and able men in the Senate and State. Being now fifty years of age, he is in the meridian of his powers, enjoying a popular record that is second to no man of his age in the country. Already his name has been associated with still higher honors, State and National. Senator Bradley resides at Corning, Steuben County, and is of New England descent; was born in Greene, Chenango County, February 5th, 1825; received a common school and academic education; was in early life a farmer; for the past twenty-five years has been a lawyer; has always been a Democrat; was a member of the Constitutional Commission of 1873 from the Seventh Judicial District. During all this time he has occupied a prominent position at the Bar of this State, being recognized in the profession as one of the ablest lawyers in the southern tier.

He and Judge Rumsey, of the Supreme Court, were the representatives of their respective parties from the southern counties of their judicial district in the late Constitutional Commission. The Judge resigned when appointed to fill a vacancy, but Mr. Bradley served, and no man in the Commission made a more favorable impression upon all those familiar with the work of that body.

Mr. Bradley was placed in nomination by the Democrats and Liberal Republicans. It was a significant fact that his Republican opponent of two years before, Hon. G. T. Harrower, was one of his most ardent supporters throughout the canvass. He was triumphantly elected, carrying every county in the district, by a majority of 2,859 over Eaton N. Frisbie.

He is a polished, ready, eloquent and most effective speaker, and takes a prominent part in all important debates. He signaled his entrance into the Senate by his minority report from the Committee on Privileges and Elections on the Abbott-Madden contested election case. He favored the retention of Abbott as sitting member until all the evidence in the case had been offered and reported on by the committee. His speech in support of his report was the most able and eloquent presentation of Mr. Abbott's claims that was addressed to the Senate.

Senator Bradley is a member of the Committees on Judiciary, State Prisons, and Privileges and Elections.

HON. JAMES DALY, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.

FOR the second time Mr. Daly represents the Fourteenth Assembly District of New York city, and holds the responsible position of Chairman of the Committee on Cities, and justly ranks as one of the most valuable and trustworthy members of the Metropolitan delegation. He is of Irish descent, and is about thirty-two years of age. He received an excellent collegiate education, and since the completion of his studies has been engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1870 he joined the Reform movement then inaugurated in New York to overthrow the corrupt Tammany régime. With hearty enthusiasm he rendered efficient aid in annihilating the Tweed Ring. In 1873 he was elected a Member of the Assembly by a very gratifying majority, notwithstanding two strong candidates—Republican and Democratic—were opposed to him, his plurality being 636. On the floor of the Assembly Mr. Daly has shown that he is possessed of unusual ability, and has won golden opinions from all his associates. He speaks tersely, clearly and forcibly, and in an easy and graceful manner. Simple and unpretending, he is easily approachable, listens patiently, and gives close attention to all business brought before him, and is also a member of the Committee on Rules and Ways and Means. In the last Assembly he attracted much attention by his championship of the Bill to settle the vexed question relative to the powers of the New York Common Council and certain departments over public works.

As Chairman of the Committee on Cities in the present Assembly, his course has been marked by great discretion and good judgment. He watches carefully all legislation calculated to interest and affect the Empire City, and never allows a selfish or merely partisan scheme to receive his sanction, however ingeniously presented and urged. His report on the paving of Fifth Avenue was a manly effort to prevent the consumption of a job that would have taken many thousands of dollars from the pockets of his fellow-citizens without giving any adequate return. Mr. Daly is one of the rising young men of his party, and cannot fail to become eminent should he continue in public life.

HON. JOHN R. KENNADAY, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.

HON. JOHN R. KENNADAY, representing the Second Assembly District of King's County, holds the important and responsible position of Chairman of the Committee on General Laws in the present Assembly. In many respects this is the most important Committee in the State Legislature. He is also a member of the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Kennaday, a Democrat, was unanimously nominated and elected, in a strong Republican district—a fact due solely to his great personal worth and popularity.

In his present high position Mr. Kennaday will have charge of the most important legislation prescribed by the new constitutional amendments.

The following statement will give some idea of the gravity and scope of his onerous duties: they will relate, first, to the laws for the further prevention and punishment of bribery at elections; secondly, to the conformation of the charters of all institutions of savings to a uniform basis; and thirdly, to the preparation of a general law under which all future local improvements are to be authorized and conducted by local authority.

It is ordered, with reference to the prevention and punishment of bribery hereafter, that the offense shall be raised from a misdemeanor to a felony, and that the conviction of any elected or appointed officer for bribery shall operate as a dismissal from his office; in addition, the existing

civil and criminal laws shall be in force against the offense. This is also the matter to which the new oath of office has been directed by the Constitution. Officials must swear that they have neither directly nor indirectly bribed, rewarded or improperly influenced any voter. If they cannot take the oath, they cannot take the office. If they take the oath, and it is proved, falsely, they are ousted from their office, and are liable to punishment for perjury.

The conformation of the charters of institutions of savings to a uniform basis is a work which has been too long delayed. The variety and contrariety of charter law in those institutions have worked confusion always, and have sometimes, to the fiduciary interests of the State. Rates of interest differ. Times on which interest is computed differ. Sums down to and up to which deposits will be taken differ. Rights of depositors to their own money differ. Power to keep depositors out of their entire deposits for variable times is exercised. The conditions on which loans, mortgages and securities are based are manifold. Fixity, unity, certainty and responsibility are elements of solvency itself, in an interest so universal as that of savings. In these institutions, the surplus savings—to which the claims of the owners have lapsed—are in a lamentable condition of incertitude. They amount up to millions.

For twenty-three years Mr. Kennaday has been a Brooklynite. As a man of rare culture and public spirit, and as a member of the Bar, he has won an excellent fame for wisdom, learning, ability and probity. He is the son of the late Rev. Dr. John Kennaday, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In early life Mr. Kennaday graduated with distinction from Dickinson College, Pennsylvania. After matriculating he studied law with that eminent Philadelphia jurist, the late Josiah Randall, and then began his professional practice in New York with Mr. Jesup, now a distinguished lawyer, with whom he is still associated. Mr. Kennaday having long been a resident of Brooklyn. His social and professional position is known to be of the first rank, and his discharge of the duties of a citizen has been marked by identification with the best interests of Brooklyn. He is a member of the Historical Society, a patron and officer of the Art Association and the Art Schools, and he succeeded Franklin Woodruff, Esq., in the Presidency of the Mercantile Library Association. It is largely to Mr. Kennaday's efforts that the present noble building of that Association is due, as well as the prosperity and usefulness which have resulted from the organization. Two years ago he was a member of the Committee of One Hundred, and in that organization he served on the Committees of Law and Nominations.

Mr. Kennaday is about forty-four years of age, is a native of Kingston, N. Y., and resides on Pierrepont Street, in the Third Ward, Brooklyn Heights. Though General Dix received a Republican majority of 303 in this Ward, yet Mr. Kennaday was elected to the Assembly by a small majority.

Presenting a fine presence and an attractive address, the subject of this sketch bids fair to achieve a distinguished place among the rising men and magnates of his political party. Liberal, genial and generous, he is a favorite among his associates at Albany who command both respect and confidence from all classes, regardless of political affiliations, diverse sentiments and opinions.

HON. JAMES FAULKNER, JR., MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK.

MR. FAULKNER is a native of Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y., and is the son of Hon. James Faulkner who represented Livingston County in the Assembly in 1825, just fifty years ago, and prior to the birth of subject of our sketch. Mr. Faulkner, Sr., was active at the polls last Fall in aiding to elect his son as his successor, and is still alive and in good health. Mr. Faulkner, Jr., was graduated at Yale College in 1859, with two younger brothers in the same class, the only instance of the kind in the history of that famous institution of learning. His brother, Hon. S. D. Faulkner, was a member of the Legislature in 1866, when Livingston County had two members, and is at present County Judge and Surrogate of that county. His brother, General L. B. Faulkner, marched with "Sherman to the sea," and has twice been a delegate to the Democratic National Convention—the last one at Baltimore, when Horace Greeley was nominated for the Presidency in 1872, and in favor thereof the General was one of the earliest advocates. General Faulkner has also twice been the chairman of the Democratic and Liberal Republican State Conventions, and was permanent chairman of the convention that nominated Governor Tilden. The Hon. James Faulkner, Jr., is the only Democrat who has represented the whole County of Livingston in the Assembly since 1825, a period of half a century.

He holds one of the most important positions in the House, that of Chairman of the Insurance Committee, Speaker McGuire having selected Mr. Faulkner for that responsible place on account of his well-known indefatigable honesty and sterling manliness of character. With this Assemblyman all jobs and strikers are at a discount, and we shall expect from him such action in relation to the great and constantly increasing interests involved in the system of insurance as will be valuable to those concerned, securing to the insurers and the insured equal and exact justice. He is also a member of the Committees on Public Instruction, and Expenditures of the Executive Department. Mr. Faulkner is a careful, energetic and studious business man, and is connected with a bank in his native county. Frank, courteous and conciliatory with his associates, to those having business with his committees he is patient and genial, giving all a fair opportunity to be fully heard, but he is a terror to lobbyists and schemers. Always in his place, he neglects no duty however minute or exacting, and is one of the rising young statesmen destined to grace and honor the history of the Empire State. This is his first term in the Assembly. He was elected by a majority of 302 over Hon. J. B. Morsey, who was returned to the previous Legislature by over 1,200 Republican majority.

HON. LOUIS C. WAEHNER, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.

THE HON. MR. WAEHNER is a native of the city of New York, and less than thirty years of age. He is of German parentage and a graduate from our public schools. Although one of the youngest members of the Assembly, Mr. Waechner is now serving his second term, representing the Tenth District of New York city. He is an able lawyer, and since his entrance into public life as a legislator has demonstrated that he has abilities of a very high order—a fact that has not escaped the present astute Speaker of the House, who placed Mr. Waechner at the head of the Judi-

ciary Committee as the fittest man for this exalted position. With an unbounded earnestness and driving power, he is an indomitable worker, applying himself closely to all matters to which his attention has been called, irrespective of the interests to be affected. As a tactician and debater he is clear-headed, quick to apprehend the gist of a question, direct and forcible, coming at once to the real point at issue. In manner he is suave, off-hand, genial, and has a dash that indicates courage, promptitude, great energy and independence. Thus far Mr. Waechner's record as a legislator is highly honorable, and gives promise of great future usefulness and distinction should he continue in public life. He is one who will always have a large and enthusiastic following, for he evinces many of the magnetic qualities of the born leader. We shall watch the onward career of this brilliant and rising young statesman with unusual solicitude and interest.

HON. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.

THE subject of our sketch is a member of the distinguished family of which the famous Revolutionary General Schuyler, and the friend and associate of Washington, was the head, and whose residence at Schuylerville, Saratoga County, was burnt by the British General Burgoyne just before the battle of Stillwater, when General Schuyler was in command of the American army.

Mr. Schuyler is one of the four members of the present Assembly at Albany classified as Liberal Republican, having been nominated as such, and elected by the Liberals and Democrats. His course during the present session has been in perfect accord with the Democrats. He was born in Saratoga County in 1810, removed when quite young to Ithaca, N. Y., was educated in the Academy at that place, subsequently graduating from the University in New York City in 1837; has been a successful merchant, and formerly one of the foremost men in the Republican Party. In the Fall of 1863 he was nominated by the Republicans for State Treasurer, and elected by a large majority. Soon after the expiration of his term he was appointed, by Governor Fenton, Superintendent of the Bank Department, which position he held until 1870, proving an efficient officer. In 1872 he united with the Liberal Republican movement, and took an active part in the campaign of that year. In the Fall of 1873 he was nominated by the Liberals and Democrats of Tompkins County for the Assembly, a county which has been for years largely Republican, and came within a few votes of an election. In the Fall of 1874 he was again placed in nomination, and elected. He is chairman of the Committee on Banks, and also member of the important Committee on General Laws, whose duty it is to prepare the general laws under the new constitutional amendments. As a member of the House, he is constantly in attendance, and is an influential debater; makes no pretension to oratory; seldom speaks except on questions upon which he is thoroughly posted, and then proves an effective speaker, presenting his arguments in a forcible, concise and convincing manner. His voice, his influence and his votes are always on the side of honest legislation.

HON. SAMUEL T. BENEDICT, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.

SCHENECTADY COUNTY has sent Mr. Benedict as its Democratic representative in the Assembly at Albany this session. He was born at Danbury, Conn., September 8th, 1837, and is the son of Russell Benedict, a retired merchant of New York city. He received a good academic education at the Institute at White Plains, and was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1860, and at the Harvard Law School, in 1862. He entered upon the practice of his profession in New York city, in 1863. In 1865 he removed to Schenectady, and was soon after appointed United States Commissioner and Examiner, and Master in Chancery, in the United States Circuit Court. He was elected last Fall to the Assembly, over ex-Senator Charles Stanford, by a majority of 856. This is the first political position that he ever held, and he is therefore new to politics.

Mr. Benedict is a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly, also of the Committees on Public Education and Federal Relations, and is one of the most attentive and industrious members of the House. He is not given to speech-making, but whenever he debates any question, presents his arguments in an earnest, logical and effective manner, and commands the attention of all present. He ranks among the ablest men in the Assembly, and there is no member on the Judiciary Committee whose opinions on the questions which come before it are received with greater respect, or are considered more reliable, than Mr. Benedict's. He bids fair to occupy an important position in the future legislation of the State, standing, as he does, the unflinching opponent of all jobbery and plundering Legislative schemes.

HON. STEPHEN H. HAMMOND, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.

OCCUPYING the position of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the present Assembly, Mr. Hammond is considered the leader of the House. He is a native of Groton, Tompkins County, N. Y., and is in his forty-eighth year. His father emigrated from Vermont to Tompkins County in early life, where he married the sister of the Hon. E. G. Spaulding, of Buffalo. He received his early education in the public schools and at the Academy in Ithaca. Being of a studious turn of mind and a great reader, he began early to attract attention as a young man of much intellectual promise. Being encouraged by his uncle, he decided upon the profession of law, and commenced its study while at the Academy at Ithaca; and when, at the age of twenty, he was announced to lecture in the regular Winter course at Ithaca, the large hall, on the evening appointed for the lecture, was crowded to overflowing, and his effort was received with great applause. This success induced him to determine upon securing a more thorough education, and he prepared himself, and entered as a student at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., from which he was graduated in 1854, with distinguished honors. He passed a portion of his last college year in the State Treasurer's office, his uncle, the Hon. E. G. Spaulding, being then the State Treasurer. In the meantime Mr. Hammond had been admitted to practice in all the Courts, and in January, 1856, he received the appointment of Deputy Attorney-General of the State, which office he held continuously for sixteen years, under all shades of party administration, thus being brought into intimate relations with prominent public men and affairs during a very memorable period of the history of the State.

On the 4th of July, 1871, he was selected to de-

liver the address before the Alumni of Hobart College, and acquitted himself so successfully that his eloquent address was favorably commented on by the leading journals throughout the country, and notably by the New York Tribune, which spoke in the highest terms of praise, and making copious extracts from it.

Mr. Hammond is serving his second term in the Assembly. His great familiarity with public affairs, in consequence of his connection with the Attorney-General's office for so long a time, gives promise of great practical usefulness as a legislator and statesman.

Mr. Hammond is a Democrat of a liberal and manly type, and was elected by a handsome majority in a district largely Republican, he being the third Democrat thus honored in the last twenty-five years. During the last session he distinguished himself by his advocacy of a bill, which he originated, to reform abuses in the County Treasurers' offices, and to simplify the mode of paying the State taxes. He also initiated several bills designed to improve the practice in the Courts of the State. He is one of the most active, substantial and useful members of the Legislature, and is among the most promising of the younger statesmen now in public life in the Empire State, and bids fair to achieve the higher honors of statesmanship and official position, from his justly partial and rapidly increasing constituency throughout the Empire State.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A NUMBER of the colored folk in Boston will give Butler something to eat early next month.

MME. BONAPARTE, whose one hundredth birthday is rapidly approaching, has been very ill in Baltimore.

OLE BULL celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of his birthday at home, in Bergen, Norway, on the 5th of February.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY was a classmate of Cardinal Cullen of Dublin at the Propaganda in Rome. Both are known as Cardinal-Archbishops.

CHANG QUAM WO, of San Francisco, is the first Chinaman to receive an American patent-right. It was for a device to fasten the seams of overalls.

THE German Emperor was seventy-eight years of age on March 22d, and Adolph Thiers will reach the same notch on life's stick on the 16th of April.

GOVERNOR GASTON of Massachusetts, believing it wrong to recognize the bearing of arms in violation of the law, refused to review the St. Patrick procession.

THE President thinks that he can manage the mules on his stock farm near St. Louis, better than those in the ex-Congressional stables, and therefore lies away.

THE first prize—\$200—for the best essay on international arbitration, offered by the British Social Science Association, has been awarded to Mr. A. P. Sprague, of Troy, N. Y.

B. K. BRUCE, colored, of Mississippi, takes a seat in the United States Senate, and Mr. Farren, his old teacher, calls upon him to secure the position of a messenger to the same body.

A COMMISSION has been given to H. K. Browne, the sculptor, to furnish a colossal equestrian statue of General Nathaniel Greene, for the grounds of the State Capitol at Providence, R. I., the cost to be \$40,000.

THE Boston Academy of Arts and Sciences delights to honor students beyond the seas. M. Guizot was an honorary member for many years previous to his death, and now M. Thiers has been elected in his place.

ALTHOUGH Dr. De Koven failed to secure his confirmation as Episcopal Bishop of Illinois, his friends have decided to give him the rectorship of St. John's Church, Chicago, which pays better than the coveted honor.

GENERAL SCHENCK says he will retire from the English mission on May 1st. Perhaps Senator Frelinghuysen would not decline this post a second time, and he certainly has earned a big prize within the President's gift.

It is said that General Butler is so anxious to get a seat in the United States Senate, that he has purchased real estate in every county in Massachusetts; accordingly he will be eligible for a vacancy in any section of the State.

HIRAM REVELL, who became celebrated as the first negro member of the United States Senate, has repented of the folly of a six years' service in that body, and has opened an account with heaven through the agency of the Methodist Church.

If the reported defection of General Elio is true, Don Carlos will be greatly crippled. Elio was his chief staff officer, an engineer of great skill and experience, and the author of all the important strategic movements made by the Carlists.

FIELD-MARSHAL GOMME, after an active service of seventy-seven years in the British Army, was given the position of Constable of the Tower three years ago, and died last week. He was the last of the generals who saw fighting in the eighteenth century.

CUNLIFFE OWEN, well-known as the Director of the South Kensington Museum, is to have the superintendence of the English section in the Centennial. His appointment is an acknowledgment of personal worth and a genuine compliment to the United States.

THE best paid man in the United States was Mr. Lawrence of Louisiana, who just before the close of the Forty-third Congress was declared entitled to the seat that had been occupied by Mr. Sypher. He received \$1,000 per hour for thirteen hours' session.

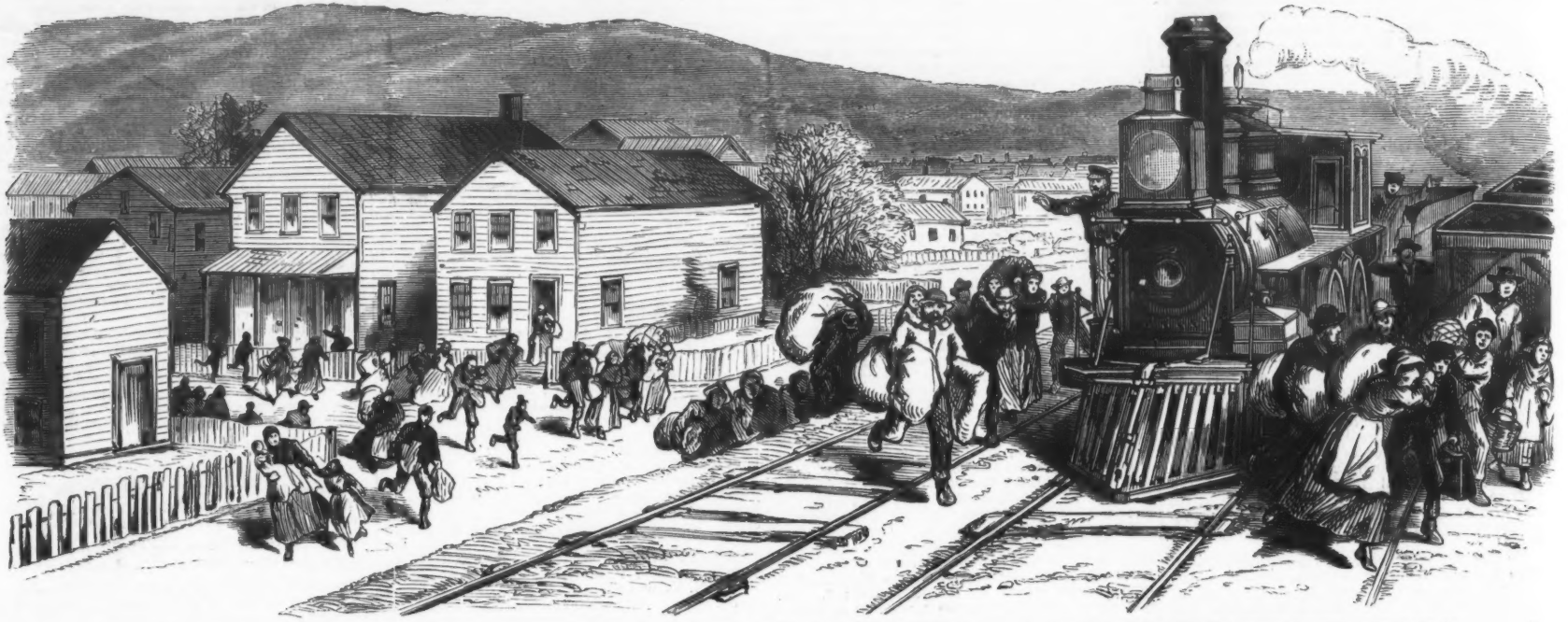
SENATORS GORDON and BAYARD and Congressman Lamar came North and delivered a series of political speeches on the Southern situation, and now President Grant, Vice-President Wilson and Wendell Phillips mean to go South to see for themselves what all the fuss was about.

THOSE who enjoyed the social entrée to the White House during Mr. Johnson's Administration will remember with pleasure the graceful courtesies extended by his daughter, Mrs. Patterson. Owing to her wife's illness, this lady will again do the honors to her father's guests.

THE Democratic papers unite in the belief that Mr. Kerr of Indiana will be the Speaker of the House in the Forty-fourth Congress. He is a lawyer by profession, and has had much experience in the House. As a steady plodder and unwavering representative he is extremely popular.

THE recent military changes were a relief in more ways than one to General Emory. For three or four years he was in command at New Orleans, and dreaded that service more than what he had experienced during the rebellion. He goes to Washington and General Augur of Texas takes his place.

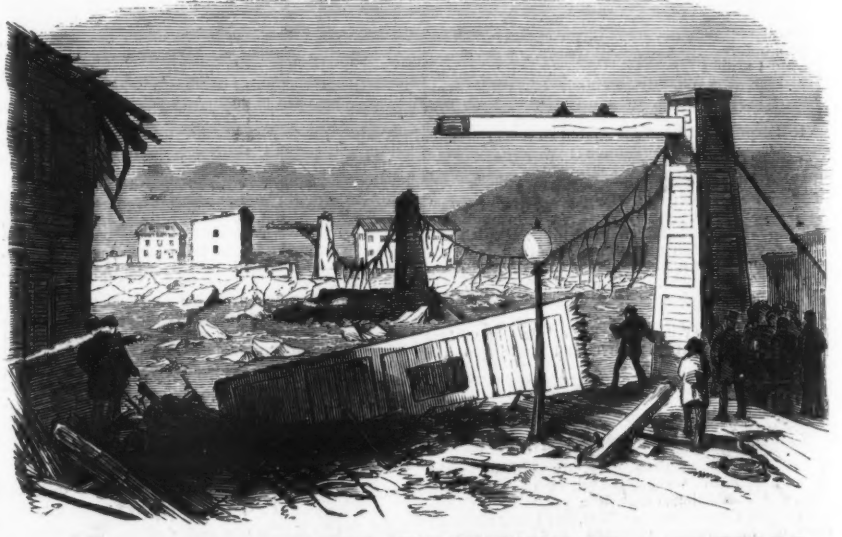
THE Hon. John Hickman, of Westchester, Pa., whose dangerous illness is reported, was a member of the Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, and cast the ballot that decided the election of William Pennington to the Speakership of the House. He was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention, and heartily supported the Liberal candidates.



DIVISION-SUPERINTENDENT THOMAS, OF THE ERIE RAILROAD, GIVING THE ALARM OF THE COMING FLOOD TO CITIZENS OF PORT JERVIS, N. Y.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 54.



THE CITIZENS OF PORT JERVIS, N. Y., RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER. SEE PAGE 54.



RUINS OF THE BARRETT SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ACROSS THE DELAWARE RIVER, AT PORT JERVIS, N. Y. SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 54.



NEW YORK CITY.—MAYOR WICKHAM REVIEWING, IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL, THE PROCESSION IN HONOR OF THE IRISH NATIONAL HOLIDAY, ST. PATRICK'S DAY, MARCH 17TH.—SEE PAGE 54.



HON. WILLIAM JOHNSON, NEW YORK STATE SENATOR.

HON. WILLIAM JOHNSON, NEW YORK STATE SENATOR.

THIS gentleman, representing the Twenty-sixth Senatorial District of the State of New York, comprising Ontario, Seneca and Yates Counties, is one of the most industrious, influential and useful members of the present Senate. Courteous and genial to a remarkable degree, a ready and fluent debater and conversationalist, and possessing a vast fund of practical information, he is the life of the Senate, and invariably creates an atmosphere of good humor and earnest enthusiasm that makes him popular and a favorite among all classes, and affords a rare example to the young and rising politicians of the value of these substantial qualities in laying the foundation for a successful public and private career. Senator

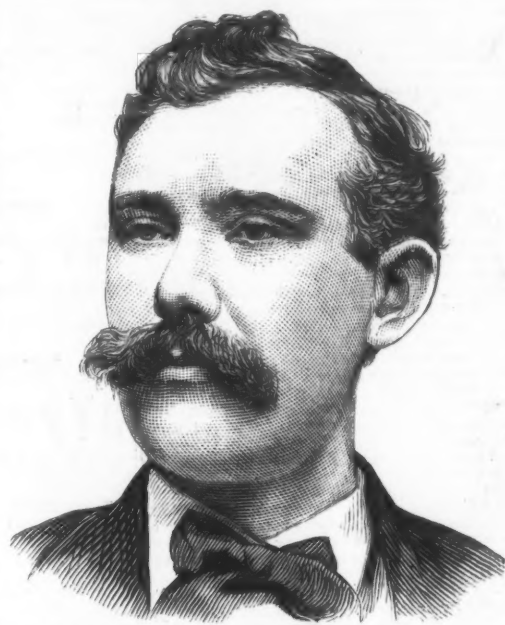
short time. From 1849 to 1856 he became distinguished as a successful railroad and canal contractor, and subsequently engaged in the manufacture of woolen goods, at Seneca Falls, in which he continued till 1862.

In the Fall of 1860 he was elected member of Assembly from Seneca County, after an exciting contest, and soon became con-



HON. GEORGE B. BRADLEY, NEW YORK STATE SENATOR.

spicuous among the leading men of that body. In 1862 he was appointed by Governor Morgan a member of the War Committee for the County of Seneca, and took an active part in raising troops, and was finally selected by the War Committee and appointed by the Governor to the command of Camp Swift, and authorized to raise a regiment. Notwithstanding the great sacrifice it involved, Colonel Johnson accepted the position, sold out his interest in the woolen



HON. JAMES DALY, MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON CITIES.

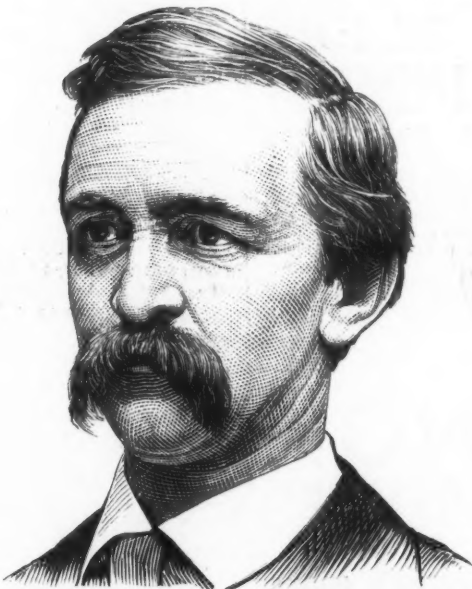
together with eight other bloody battlefields, where its bravery and valor were attested by its broken and decimated ranks and its fearful death-roll.

In the Fall of 1871 Mr. Johnson was nominated for Senator in the Twenty-sixth District, and although his party was in a minority of nearly fifteen hundred on the popular vote, the "boys" of the old regiment, remembering his services in the field and his efforts for their welfare, united in giving him their hearty support, and he was elected by nearly a thousand majority. He is attentive to the interests of his constituents; active and vigilant, he watches closely all measures coming before the Senate. He participates in most of the important debates of the Senate; is a clear, forcible and able speaker, and exerts an influence scarcely second to that of any other member.



HON. JOHN R. KENNADAY, MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON GENERAL LAWS.

Johnson is now in his fifty-third year, and is a native of Williamstown, Berkshire County, Mass. During his infancy his parents removed to Frankfort, Herkimer County, New York, where his father soon after died, leaving his mother with a family of small children almost entirely destitute. From this beginning, with no education except that received in the common schools, and through many discouragements and difficulties, he has literally worked his way up to fortune and well-deserved eminence, affording another example of the truth of the old adage: "Where there's a will there's a way." Senator Johnson is of pure English descent, being the son of David and Olive Stoddard Johnson. At the age of nine years he left home to work on a farm—attending a district school in the Winter—until he was fourteen years of age, when he entered upon mercantile pursuits for a similar period, trying his hand at mechanics for a



HON. JAMES PAULNER, JR., MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE INSURANCE COMMITTEE.

factory, closed up his business within twenty-four hours, and the day following repaired to Camp Swift and took command.

The work of recruiting was at once commenced, and pushed with so much vigor, that sixteen days afterwards the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Regiment was mustered into the service of the United States and awaiting transportation to the front. Fourteen days later the regiment, numbering twelve hundred men, was en route

HON. SAMUEL T. BENEDICT, MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.
SEE PAGE 59.

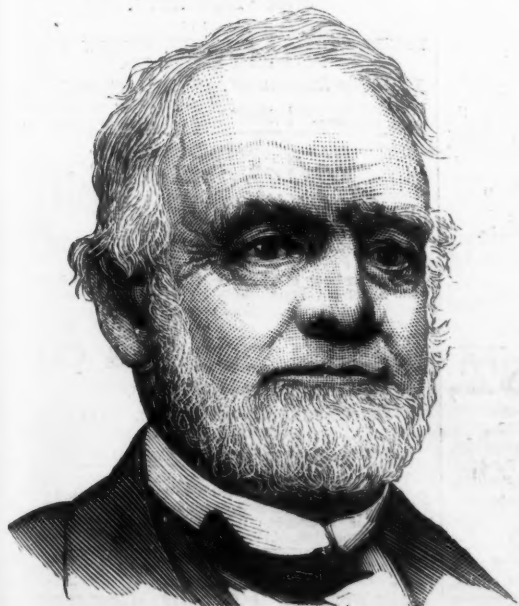
for the seat of war. Colonel Johnson remained in command nearly a year and a half, and during this time the regiment gained for itself a reputation for coolness, discipline and bravery second to none other in the service, and which carried it so successfully through the war, and for which it was honored with permission by the general in command to inscribe upon its colors the names of Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Fair Oaks, Hatcher's Run,



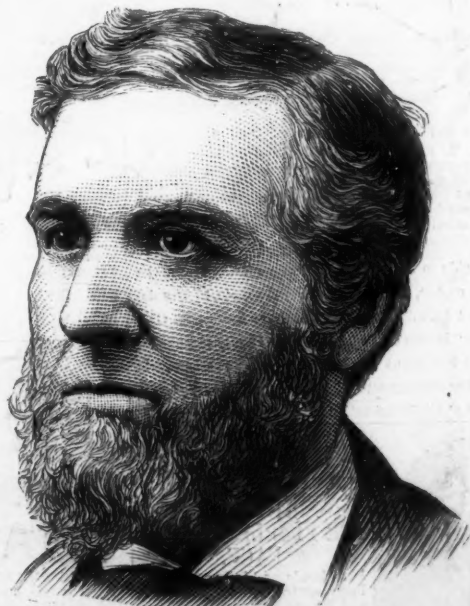
HON. LOUIS C. WAEHTNER, MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE.

In the last Senate he was on the standing Committees on Canals, Manufactures and Grievances, and was Chairman of the Special Committee appointed to investigate the charges against William M. Tweed. The record of Mr. Johnson during his first term as Senator was so satisfactory to his constituents, that he was unanimously and by acclamation renominated to represent the Twenty-sixth District, and after a closely contested canvass was re-elected by a handsome majority over his Republican opponent. He is a member of the important Committees on Canals and Manufactures, also of the Militia.

Senator Johnson is a Democrat, and resides in handsome style at Seneca Falls, where he married in 1855 the daughter of the Hon. Jacob P. Chamberlain.



HON. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON BANKS.



HON. STEPHEN H. HAMMOND, MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS.

MODERN WOMEN.

It is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids—pale, nervous, feeble and back-achy, with only here and there a few noble exceptions in the persons of the robust, buxom ladies characteristic of the sex in days gone by. By a very large experience, covering a period of years, and embracing the treatment of many thousands of cases of those ailments peculiar to Women, Dr. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., has perfected, by the combination of certain vegetable extracts, a natural specific, which he does not extol as a cure-all, but one which admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most positive and reliable remedy for those weaknesses and complaints that afflict the women of the present day. This natural specific compound is called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The following are among those diseases in which this wonderful medicine has worked cures as if by magic and with a certainty never before attained by any medicines: Weak back, nervous and general debility, falling and other displacements of internal organs, resulting from debility and lack of strength in natural supports, internal fever, congestion, inflammation and ulceration and very many other chronic diseases incident to women, not proper to mention here, in which, as well as in the cases that have been enumerated, the Favorite Prescription effects cures—the marvel of the world. It will do no harm in any state or condition of the system, and by adopting its use the invalid lady may avoid that severest of ordeals—the consulting of a family physician. Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

SPRING FASHIONS.—Every lady her own dress-maker. Our Spring Catalogue, showing new and handsome designs for the wear of Ladies, Misses and Children, is now ready, and will be sent, post-free, on receipt of a three-cent stamp. Address, Frank Leslie's "Lady's Journal," Cut Paper Pattern Department, 298 Broadway, New York City. A large and complete Catalogue, printed on tinted paper, and containing 99 pages, may be procured at any of our Agencies, or at the above address. Price 50 cents in paper covers, or 75 cents in cloth.

The various knitting-machines in the market, the one known as Lamb's is the most remarkable, as it is the only one that can narrow and widen, set up its own work, or knit real ribbed, doubled and fancy goods. Possessing these invaluable features, more work can be obtained from one of these machines than a room full of others; hence, for general utility, it is the most available. So many different articles can be fashioned by it, that it stands before the world as the crowning result of the inventor's skill; while the various medals it has received do not add to its usefulness, but only recognize it.

PURE LIQUORS are a rarity and, consequently a luxury. Those buying the "P. P." brands, manufactured by the Oliver and Harris Company, No. 641 Hudson Street, New York, will meet with no deception. They are redistilled in vacuo at 85° Fahrenheit, and are absolutely free from any deleterious ingredients.

Patent Office, 94 Chambers Street, New York, U. S. Patent Right Association. Patents to be of any value, should be secured by an expert. Captain Henry Gerner, Pres. U. S. Patent Rights Association, Civil and Mechanical Engineer, and Expert in Infringement Suits, and other Patent Cases in the Federal and State Courts, is the most successful Patent Attorney through whom Patents can be obtained for U. S., Canada, and all foreign countries, at the lowest prices, with dispatch, and under guarantee. Consultations, advice and searches free of cost. Infringements adjusted. Publishers of the Patent Right Gazette. Address, Henry Gerner, P. O. Box 4544, New York.

Subscribers.—We have arranged with Diamond & Co., 915 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., by which each subscriber to this paper is entitled to a book of choice selections from the poetical works of Byron, Moore, and Burns, by sending 10 cents to the above address.

The Metallic Butter Package Co. The most economical package ever offered to the trade. Circulars sent free and all information given upon application to L. A. RILEY, Secretary, 150 Chambers St., N. Y.

PECULIAR BOOKS FREE. Send your address and that of a friend, to Lock Box 23, P. O., Phila., Pa. "Golden Tresses Turning Gray!" Song and Chorus. Words by Frank Dumont. Music by Mrs. J. Henry Whittemore. Published by the latter at 44 Miami Ave., Detroit, Mich. Its captivating melody must make it the most popular song of the day.

"Boys' School." See advertisement of H. H. Post, 15th page.

10 Beautiful Decalcomania, or Transfer Pictures, with full instructions and catalogue postpaid for 10 cts. 100 for 50 cts. Easily transferred. Heads, Landscapes, Flowers, Birds, etc. Agents wanted. J. L. PATTEN & CO., 71 Pine Street, New York.

"Art of Canvassing or Agents' Guide." This little work will enable any one to make a living. By mail, 25 cents. NEW YORK BOOK CONCERN, No. 7 Warren Street, New York. Send stamp for Circular.

Miss Carpets, all sizes, and rich patterns, very cheap, at the old place, 112 FULTON STREET. [Side Entrance.]

Monte Cristo Cigar Manufacture.—POLANSKI & GUERRA, manufacturers and importers of Fine Havana Cigars. We guarantee entire satisfaction in quality and price of goods. Samples sent to all parts. C. O. D. with privilege to examine. POLANSKI & GUERRA, 83 William Street, N. Y.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Grandioscopes, Megaloscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc.! The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists' and fancy goods dealers'.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

AND TAN ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,

Blackheads or Fleshworms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY, 40 Bond Street, New York.



CANCER

Cured by Dr. Bond's Discovery. Remedies, with full directions, sent to any part of the world. Send for pamphlets and particulars. Address, H. T. BOND, M.D., PENNSYLVANIA CANCER INSTITUTE, 3208 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Famous VITALIZING TONIC

The most perfect ever discovered, and the best in the world.

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA.

This famous VITALIZING ELIXIR will give you strength and appetite. It will BUILD UP, INVIGORATE and VITALIZE the entire Nervous and Physical Systems, imparting Tone, Vigor, Brain Power, and Nervous Force and Energy, and make you feel like a new being. For Delicate Ladies and Children, it is excellent. For CONSUMPTION, DYSPENSIA, WEAK LUNGS, and ALL CHEST and THROAT AFFECTIONS, it is the grandest and best remedy known.

Prices \$1 and \$2 per Bottle. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 38 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK. CABINET OFFICE SECRETARY.

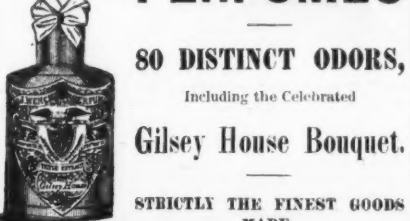


GILES' LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA

Cures NEURALGIA, FACE-ACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, FROSTED FEET, CHILLBLAINS, SORE THROAT, ERY-SIPPELAS, BRUISES and WOUNDS of every nature in man or animal. The remarkable cures this remedy has effected classes it as one of the most important and valuable remedies ever discovered for the cure and relief of pain.

W. M. GILES, Chemist, 451 Sixth Avenue—Paralysis of the limbs, the worst I have seen in a practice of thirty years, was cured by your Liniment Iodide of Ammonia. LEWIS H. BOSE, M.D., 106 West 16th St. Depot, 451 Sixth Avenue, New York. 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by all Druggists.

THE WENCK PERFUMES



80 DISTINCT ODORS, Including the Celebrated Gilsey House Bouquet. STRICTLY THE FINEST GOODS MADE.

TEFFT, GRISWOLD & CO., 443 & 445 Broadway, N. Y. Agents.

F. W. DEVOE & CO. MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF WHITE LEAD, ZINC, COLORS, VARNISHES, ARTISTS' MATERIALS. STORE 115, 117 FULTON 44, 46 ANN STS. VARNISH WORKS, BROOKLYN. PAINT FACTORY 102-104 HORTON ST. NEW-YORK.

Just Out.—PAT. FUNNEL STRAINER, indispensable to families, and dealers in Liquids. Agent wanted for every city and county. Pint samples, mailed free, for 40c. Patent Funnel Strainer Mfg Co., 33 Park Row, N. Y.

EVERY MAN, WOMAN and CHILD send 25 cents, with a ticket in the distribution of \$75,000 worth of Real Estate. Holbrook Pen Co., Holbrook, L. I., N. Y.

HEARING RESTORED.—A great invention, by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars, to JNO. GARMORE, Lock box 80, Madison, Ind.

RICHARD W. FROST, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST-CLASS Furniture of Every Description. Patent Bureau and Wardrobe Bedsteads \$25.00 and Upwards. Furniture repaired, varnished and reupholstered. Steamboats, Hotels and Public Buildings furnished at the shortest notice. All Goods purchased of my house guaranteed as represented. No. 112 FOURTH AVE., Bet. 10th & 12th Sts., New York.

HARRIS'S "P. P." LIQUORS.

RE-DISTILLED in Vacuo at 85° Fahrenheit, and thus rendered absolutely free from Fusel Oil Acids and all Impurities, gives no headache, causes no nausea, creates no craving, no dryness of tongue or throat, but stimulates and cheers without unduly exciting the brain or nervous system. No traveler should be without a flask! No other Liquors should be used, either for medicinal or convivial purposes. THE OLIVER & HARRIS COMPANY, Re-distilling in Vacuo (Incorporated). Rectifying House, 641 Hudson St., N. Y. Also in London, England; and Paris, France.

Amusements.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. Proprietor.....Mr. SHERIDAN SHOOK. Manager.....Mr. A. M. PALMER. Curtain rises promptly at 8 o'clock. THE TWO ORPHANS. Most Beautiful Play seen in New York for years.

\$10, \$50, \$100 SHARES IN WALL Street often leads to fortune. Send for a copy of the Wall Street Review and Pamphlet, showing the various methods of operating in stocks. J. HICKLING & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 72 Broadway, N. Y.

FRUIT, ORNAMENT, TREES FOR PLEASURE, PROFIT, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Pears, Apples, Cherries, Peaches, PLUMS, QUINCES.

Small Fruits.—Grapes, Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, Strawberries, Gooseberries. **Ornamental.**—Weeping and Standard Trees. **Evergreens.**—Common and New and Rare. **Shrubs.**—Variegated-leaved and Flowering. **Roses.**—Moss, Tea, Climbing and Pamp. tw. **Clematis Jackmanni.** is perpetual, hardy, 1 res easy, grows fast, and flows in the 1st year. **12 sorts Perpetual White Clematis,** and fifty new varieties of many shades of color. Strong plants safely sent by mail. **Good Plants** sent by mail, postpaid, as follows: 6 Choice Roses for...\$1.00 13 Choice Roses for...\$2.00 6 Variegated-leaved and Flowering Shrubs for...\$1.00 13 Variegated-leaved and Flowering Shrubs for...\$2.00 500 Acres } T. C. MAXWELL & BRO.'S, of Nursery, Catalogues free. Geneva, N. Y.

HAVANA LOTTERY.

This lottery has been in existence over 90 years, and no drawing has ever been postponed, even for a single day.

The Great Extraordinary Drawing of the year will take place April 22d, 1875. 1,200,000 Dollars in Prizes. Only 16,000 Tickets, 1 Prize to every 7 Tickets. 1 Prize of.....\$500,000 1 Prize of.....100,000 1 Prize of.....50,000 2 Prizes of \$25,000 each.....50,000 4 Prizes of 10,000 each.....40,000 12 Prizes of 5,000 each.....60,000 2 Prizes of 1,000 each.....2,000 473 Prizes of 100 each.....236,500 1,601 Prizes amounting to.....161,500 All the Prizes above stated are Drawn at this Drawing.

PRICE OF TICKETS: Wholes \$100; 1-2, \$50; 1-4, \$25; 1-10, \$10; 1-20, \$5. To Prevent Loss by Mail, Remit Registered Letter, Post Office Order, Draft on New York, or by Express. Prizes cashed. Circulars sent free. Highest price paid for Spanish Bank Bills, Governments, etc. Address all orders to TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 11 Wall St., N. Y.

ONE YEAR'S SUPPLY OF VEGETABLE SEEDS FOR SMALL GARDENS.

To those who are not conversant with the different varieties of Vegetable Seeds, or may not have the time or inclination to make their own selections, we offer the following collections, which contain only the most approved and desirable kinds in each class. They are made up in the most liberal manner, care having been taken to give a large quantity of the best and most useful varieties in each section.

Collection No. 1, price \$6.00. 2, 12.00. Collections of Annual Flower Seeds, Carefully selected, so as to give a beautiful succession of flowers throughout the ensuing Spring and Summer months. Explicit directions for sowing and treatment sent with each package.

25 distinct varieties for \$1.00 50 " " 2.50 100 " " 5.00 Any of the above collections sent for, by mail, on receipt of price.

Purchasers of any of the above collections will receive, without extra charge, our Seed and Plant Catalogues for 1875, together with five colored plates.

Peter Henderson & Co., 37 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

LAMB'S KNITTING MACHINE IS the only Machine that can knit all sizes of work, and narrow and widen it; that can shape and complete, without hand-finish, seamless Hosiery, Gloves and Mittens, or knit them in all sizes; or knit Ribbed, Double and Fancy stitches for Underwear, Jackets, Shawls, Scarfs, etc. It knits over 25 different Garments. Over 100 per cent profit in Manufacturing Knit Goods. The Farmer trebles the value of his Wool by converting it into Knit Goods. Women make \$5.00 a day with it. Agents wanted. Send stamp for Samples of work and reduced Price-List. Address, LAMB KNITTING MACHINE CO., At Chicopee Falls, Mass; Cincinnati, O., or Chicago, Ill; 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PREMIUM CHESTER WHITE PIGS.—\$15 each, \$28 a pair. Chester County MAMMOTH CORN, and Imported BELGIAN OATS. 4 lbs. by mail, \$1; peck \$2; 1/2 bushel \$3; bushel \$5. Circulars and sample Packages of Seeds Free for 2 stamps. Address, N. P. BOYER, Parkersburg, Chester Co., Pa.

The Traveler's Guide.

BELMONT HOTEL. European Plan. Fulton through to Ann St., near Broadway. Rooms, 51 cents and upwards. New family rooms. Meals at low prices. Open all night.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

HAVE OPENED A SMALL INVOICE OF GENUINE

Valley Cachimir India Square Shawls.

EXQUISITE DESIGNS AND COLORINGS, and the finest goods ever before offered in this market.

Broadway, cor. 19th Street.

Rich Trimming Laces

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Guipure and Embroidered Nets, WITH TRIMMINGS TO MATCH.

French Embroidered Sets,

Swiss, Guipure & Hamburg Embroideries, etc., etc.

etc., etc.

SILKS.

AND

DRESS MATERIALS

FOR

Spring & Summer Wear,

THE LATEST

Parisian Novelties.

Gaze Quadrille, Losange,

Natte Quadrille, Toile Damasse,

Gaze Surat, de Lyon,

Indien, "Serge Faconne,"

Silks, Madras Colorings, Black and Plain Colored Failles,

Fancy Striped, Plaid & Chine Silks, Ecu Matelasse,

Plain, Plaid and Striped

India Camel's Hair Cloths,

Plain and Fancy Foulard Cambries,

Percalles, Cheviots, Ginghams, etc.

WATCHES sent on trial. L. PERKINS & Co., Phila.



E. KETCHAM & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Planished, Japanned, Stamped and Plain

TIN-WARES,

House-Furnishing Goods and Tinned

Sheet-Iron Ware.

DEALERS IN

TINNERS' TOOLS & MACHINES, HOLLOW WARE, PLYMOUTH RIVETS, Etc.

100 Beekman St. & 289 Pearl St.,

F. KETCHAM. CHAR. HODGETTS. NEW YORK. {A. K. HACKETT. {GEO. W. KETCHAM.

John Saul's Catalogue of New, Rare and Beautiful Plants.

For Spring of 1875, will be ready in February with a Colored Plate. Free to all my customers; to others, price 25 cts. A plain copy to all applicants free. Washington, D. C.

PHELPS, DODGE & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF METALS,

TIN-PLATE, SHEET-IRON, COPPER, BLOCK-TIN WIRE, Etc.

CLIFF ST., between John and Fulton. NEW YORK.

Royal Havana Lottery. Extraordinary Drawing of April 22d. Only 16,000 Tickets. Prize in every 7 Tickets, \$1,200,000 distributed in prizes. Circulars of full information furnished. Address, W. FALLS & Co., 52 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 4325.

Telegraph Boy of London,

A Powerful Story, in No. 49 of The Young American.

Ocean Steamships.

WHITE STAR LINE.

FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAIL. NEW AND FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS. Sailing from New York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, calling at Cork Harbor each way. ADRIATIC - - - SATURDAY, April 3, at 3 P. M. CELTIC - - - SATURDAY, April 10, at 3 P. M. BALTIC - - - SATURDAY, April 17, at 3 P. M. REPUBLIC - - - SATURDAY, April 24, at 3 P. M. From the White Star Dock, Pier No. 52 North River. These Steamers, the fastest in the trade, are uniform in size, and unsurpassed in appointments. The Saloons, Staterooms, Smoking and Bath-rooms are placed amidships, where the noise and motion are least, affording a degree of comfort hitherto unattainable at sea. Rates—Saloon, \$20 and \$100, gold. Return Tickets, \$175, gold. Storage at low rates. Drafts from \$1 upwards. For inspection of plans and other information apply at the Company's offices, No. 19 Broadway, New York. R. J. CORTIS, Agent.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE to CALIFORNIA, JAPAN & CHINA via PANAMA.

The magnificent Steamers of this line, comprising the "ACAPULCO," "COLON," and "HENRY CHANCEY," leave Pier foot of Canal Street, North River, New York, connecting at Panama with the Company's Steamers.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

And also for Pacific Coasts of Mexico, Central American States, and for Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaiso, etc. The Company's splendid Steamers leave San Francisco for Yokohama, Hong Kong and Shanghai, the 1st of every month.

Children under 12 years, half fare; under 6 years, quarter fare; under 2 years, free.

A competent Surgeon on board. One hundred pounds baggage free.

For freight and passage tickets, or further information, apply at the office, on the wharf, foot of Canal Street, North River, New York.

RUFUS HATCH,

Managing Director.

H. J. BULLAY,

Superintendent.

PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF THE

Beecher-Tilton Trial,

Containing a complete history of THE GREAT SCANDAL, and a REPORT OF THE TRIAL

up to the opening for the defense, giving the evidence of mutual friend

MOULTON, MR. TILTON,

and others called by the plaintiff. Revelations by Kate Carey and Brother Richards.

THE LETTERS & STATEMENTS,

Rigid Cross-Examination and Argument between Counsel. Sketches of the Judge, Counsel, Jury, Witnesses, and all connected with the case. Illustrated with over 150 ENGRAVINGS from accurate sketches.

The following are some of the most important Engravings:

PORTRAITS:

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Theodore Tilton; Francis D. Moulton; Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton; Mrs. Beecher; Judge Neilson; Ex-Judge Wm. A. Fullerton; William A. Beach, Esq.; Samuel D. Morris, Esq.; Gen. Roger A. Pryor; Hon. Wm. M. Everts; Gen. Benj. F. Tracy; Thos. G. Shearman, Esq.; Ex-Judge John K. Porter; Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull; Miss Tennie C. Chaplin; Mrs. Bradshaw, a witness; Kate Carey, a witness; the Jury. Visitors at the Court, and others.

LOCALITIES:

Exterior and Interior of Plymouth Church; Residences of Messrs. Tilton, Beecher and Storrs; Place of meeting of the Investigating Committee; Brooklyn City Court-House.

INCIDENTS:

Mr. Tilton before the Investigating Committee; Attack on Moulton at Plymouth Church; Reporters following Witnesses; Prayer-meeting at Plymouth Church; Mr. Morris making his Opening Address; Beecher obtaining from Mrs. Tilton her Letter of Retraction; Meeting between Tilton and Beecher in Moulton's room; What Kate Carey saw; Incidents of the Trial, etc.

For Sale at all News Depots. Price 30 Cents, or inclose amount addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., and a copy will be sent free by return mail.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR.

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York.

(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

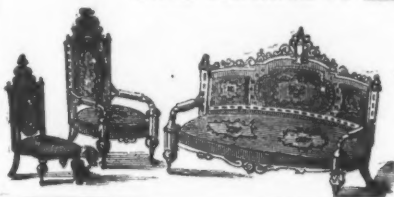
PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM

FURNITURE,

Mattresses, Spring-Beds,

Etc., Etc.,

Of any House in the United States, which they offer to Retail at Wholesale prices.



A Fortune for \$1!

One Gift is Guaranteed to one of every eleven consecutive numbers.

\$50,000 FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"NOW IS YOUR TIME."

Dame Fortune helps those who help themselves.

500,000 Tickets at \$1.00 each. Numbered from 1 to 500,000, inclusive. The low Price brings it within the reach of all.

GRAND GIFT CONCERT

In aid of public improvements in the City of Denison, Texas.

THE TEXAS GIFT CONCERT ASSOCIATION.

WILL GIVE A GRAND CONCERT

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31st, 1875,

And will distribute to the Ticket-Holders

\$250,000 IN GIFTS.

Depository, First National Bank, Denison.

Distribution to Commence immediately after the Concert. Managers of the Distribution chosen by the Ticket-Holders and Prominent Citizens.

LIST OF GIFTS:

1	Grand Cash Gift.....	\$50,000
1	" " " " " " " " " "	25,000
1	" " " " " " " " " "	15,000
1	" " " " " " " " " "	10,000
1	" " " " " " " " " "	5,000
1	" " " " " " " " " "	2,500
1	" " " " " " " " " "	1,500
10	" " " " " " " " " "	500 each
20	" " " " " " " " " "	250
30	" " " " " " " " " "	150
40	" " " " " " " " " "	100
100	" " " " " " " " " "	50
100	" " " " " " " " " "	25
200	" " " " " " " " " "	10
500	" " " " " " " " " "	5
1,000	" " " " " " " " " "	2 1/2
1,500	" " " " " " " " " "	1
46,250	" " " " " " " " " "	1

49,767 Grand Cash Gifts, amounting to..... \$200,000

22 Prizes in Real Estate amounting to..... 50,000

49,789 Gifts amounting to..... \$250,000

Please address us for circulars, giving reference and full particulars.

A statement of the distribution will be published and forwarded to ticket-holders, and all gifts will be promptly paid after the distribution.

Good and Responsible Persons Wanted

to work for the interests of this Association. Liberal Commissions Allowed.

How to Remit to us:

MONEY SHOULD BE SENT BY EXPRESS OR BY DRAFT, POST OFFICE MONEY ORDER OR REGISTERED LETTER.

Address all communications to

ALPHEUS R. COLLINS, Secretary, DENISON, TEXAS.

Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge

Cleans the System of Worms—Removes the cause—No Taste, no Smell. Price, 25 cents. 499 Greenwich Street.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH. A lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh, was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address, Mrs. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

KE-RECT TIME—"CATALOGUE FREE." J. S. WILLIAMS, Cheshire, Conn.

SHOWS various of pictures—"The Rib-Tickler," price, 25 cents. P. O. Box 68, Cheshire, Conn.

SEND \$1.00

to F. W. HELMICK, Music Publisher, 278 West 6th St., CINCINNATI, Ohio, and receive the following beautiful new songs by mail:

Oh, Isn't He A Treasure! - - - by Jean Le Croix. REMEMBER DEEDS OF KINDNESS, by Charlie Baker. SADIE DARLING, - - - by Charlie Baker. Can be played on Organ as well as Piano. Sure to please everybody. Catalogues of new publications sent free upon application.

PARQUET FLOORS. The National Wood Man'g Co. MANUFACTURERS OF WOOD CARPETING. 942 BROADWAY. SEND 3-CENT STAMP FOR DESIGNS.

TRICKS. THE COMBINATION RING, being a Key-Ring, Glove and Gaiter-Buttoner and Paper-Cutter combined; only 5 cts. The VANISHING CARD—a card that will appear and disappear at the pleasure of the performer—a wonderful illusion; 10 cts. The MAGIC TRICK CARDS, for performing wonderful tricks, 15 cts. a pack. The BLACK ART; or, Magic Made Easy—a book giving over 100 of the best and latest tricks with cards, coins, sleight-of-hand, etc., a wonderful book, 15 cts.; or the four, postpaid by mail, 35 cts. Address, O. T. MARTIN, Box 90, Hoboken, N. J.

TYPE. Type put up expressly for Amateur Printers by the New England Type Foundry, 105 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Send stamp for specimen book.

Racing Boat Stock. Spanish & White Cedar.

Extra lengths and quality, from 3-16th thick up, planed and unplanned. Also, full stock of HARDWOOD LUMBER and VENEERS, MAHOGANY, SATINWOOD, ROSEWOOD, WALNUT, etc.

Inclose Stamp for Catalogue and Price List.

Geo. W. Read & Co.,

186 to 200 Lewis St., foot 5th & 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.

BOYS' BOARDING SCHOOL, \$125 from February 1st to July 4th, 1875. Great reductions; send for reference. HIRAM H. POST, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Imitation Gold Watches and CHAINS at \$15, \$20 and \$25. Each Chain \$2 to \$12 to match. Jewelry of the same sent C.O.D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. No Agents. Collins Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696. eow-1f

No Money Required until Goods are Sold.

Full Particulars and Sample FREE on receipt of ten-cent return stamp. Address,

DANFORTH & BRISTOL,

697 Broadway, N. Y.

BUY J. & P. COATS' BLACK THREAD for your MACHINE.

EMPIRE LAUNDRY,

329 to 343 East 53d Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 42 University Place, cor. 11th Street, and 345 4th Ave.

Gents' and Family Linen, Lace Curtains, Laces, Blankets, Window Shades, Crumb and Dancing Cloths, and every description of Laundry Work. Collars and Cuffs equal to Troy Work.

Goods Called for and Delivered.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

ELLIS'S PATENT NEEDLE THREADER, THREAD CUTTER, AND SEAM RIPPER for the Sewing Machine, is simple, practical, and valuable. By mail, 25c. and 3c. stamp, or with half a doz. best Standard Needles, 50c. and stamp. Agents wanted.

H. A. ELLIS, Box 342, Springfield, Mass.

Allen's Planet Jr. Silver Medal HAND DRILL AND WHEEL HOSE. THREE new styles. They "saw like a charm," and are better, easier, and save time faster than the hand hoe. S. L. ALLEN & CO., Mrs. 119 S. 4th St., Phila., Pa. Circulars free. A LIVE AGENT WANTED in every town.

BLAKE'S PATENT Stone and Ore Breaker. Crushes all hard and brittle substances to any required size. Also, any kind of STONE for ROADS and for CONCRETE, etc. Address, BLAKE CRUSHER CO., New Haven, Conn.

SKIN A CURE GUARANTEED. State your case and send, with 25 cents, to DR. VAN DYKE, No. 1321 Green Street, Philadelphia.

"GEM" SEGAR PIPE (Pat.) a perfect-looking Segar, Chromos and NEW Novelties sample, 10c. SIMPSON & SMITH, 66 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

HORRIBLE! I suffered with CATARRH Thirty years; was cured in six weeks by a simple remedy, and will send the receipt, postage free, to all afflicted. Address, Rev. T. J. MEAD, Drawer 176, Syracuse, New York.

AN EASY ROAD TO FORTUNE: or, 77 Ways of Making Money, 50c.; Art of Letter-Writing, 15c.; Short-Hand Without a Master, 25c.; Magic Photographs, 25c.; The Black Art Fully Exposed, 25c.; Complete Fortune-Teller and Dream Book, 15c.; Magic Trick Cards, 20c.; Art of Ventriloquism, 15c.; Courtship and Marriage, 15c.; Magic Made Easy, 25c.; How to Raise Ghosts, 50c.; Jolly Joker's Game Bag, with over 100 side-splitting Cuts, 15c.; How to Behave, 15c. Inclose money, and address, J. C. JENNISON, Box 5374, P. O., New York.

HAVANA LOTTERY.

\$480,000 IN PRIZES EVERY 15 DAYS.

One prize of.....\$100,000
One prize of.....50,000
One prize of.....25,000
Two prizes of \$10,000 each.....20,000
One prize of.....10,000
Ten prizes of \$1,000 each.....5,000
One hundred & eleven prizes of \$500 each.....55,500
Seven hundred & fifteen prizes, \$300 each.....214,500

Circulars of information furnished free. Orders filled and Prizes cashed.

J. B. MARTINEZ & CO., BANKERS, 10 Wall Street (rear basement), N. Y. Post Office Box 4685.

Moth Preventive—Fur Boxes 10x8x9 1/2 lined with a sure preventive from Moth, same as used by leading practical Furriers for years past; same box can be used a lifetime. Made of Black Walnut for \$2.50, or of Pine for \$1.50. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of price.

VAN HORNE & SON, Practical Furriers, Schenectady, New York.

PORTABLE SODA FOUNTAINS, \$40, \$50, \$75, and \$100. GOOD, DURABLE & CHEAP. SHIPPED READY FOR USE. Manufactured by CHAPMAN & CO., Madison, Ind. Send for Catalogue.

Agents Wanted.

\$2.500 A YEAR. AGENTS WANTED. Owing to the wonderful success of our great 50 Book Combination, we have been induced to enlarge it, and now offer a grand Combination Prospectus representing

150 DISTINCT BOOKS wanted everywhere. It is the biggest thing ever tried. Sales made from this when all other books fail. Also Agents wanted on our magnificent Family Bibles. Superior to all others. Full particulars free. Address, JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publ'rs, Philadelphia.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Work At home, male or female; \$35 per week, day or evening. No Capital. We send valuable package of goods by mail free. Address, with ten-cent return stamp, M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

WANTED.—General and Canvassing Agents for the L. G. Suspender. Every skirt secured without a stitch. Nearly every lady buys it. Institutions of health and education invariably buy generally from 50 to 100 pairs. One bought over 300. Samples by mail, 50 cts. B. J. GREELY, 687 1/2 Washington St., Boston.

WANTED Agents for the best selling Prize Packages in the World. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, packages of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Sample package, with elegant prize, post-paid, 25 cents. Circular free. BRIDE & CO., 749 Broadway, N. Y.

\$2400 Yearly to Agents. 85 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two \$5 Chromos. Family Journal, 300 B'way, N. Y. Sample free.

\$10 & \$25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue.

J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

\$60-90 a week and expenses to all. Articles new, staple as flour. Samples free. C. M. LIXINGTON & BRO., N. Y. or Chicago.

\$15 TO \$25 PER DAY.

Local Agents wanted to sell Ricketford's Celebrated Automatic Family Knitting Machines.

Extraordinary inducements offered to first-class General Agents. For Circular and full particulars, address RICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE MFG. CO., Sole Manufacturers, Brattleboro, Vt.

WANTED AGENTS everywhere to sell our popular "Life of Dr. Livingstone," from childhood to his last journey.

Full, complete, authentic, at ractive. People's Edition.

B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston.

\$250 A Month—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address, J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY made rapidly with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars free. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover Street, Boston.

STOP Write for the latest. No humbug. Mammoth outfit, 25c. FRITCH & WALKER, Dayton, O.

\$350 A MONTH—Agents wanted. 50 Ten best selling articles in the world. Sample free. Address, J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS LOOK!

a day made selling our NOVELTIES.

T. J. Hastings & Co., Worcester, Mass.

Agents Wanted Salary or commission. Address, COWAN & CO., Eighth St., N. Y.

Ladies Can make \$5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

\$15 A DAY. Employment for all. Patented Novelties. Send stamp. GEO. BETTS, 643 Broadway, N. Y.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.—At home, Male or Female, \$30 a week warranted. No capital required. Particulars and valuable sample sent free. Address, with 6c. return stamp, C. ROSS, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

WANTED 79 MORE YOUNG MEN TO learn Telegraphy. Good situations guaranteed. Address, with stamp, SUPERINTENDENT U. T. Co., Oberlin, O.

Largest Stationery Package in the World mailed for 15c. GEO. L. FELTON & CO., 117 Nassau St., N. Y.

The TOLL-GATE! Prize Picture sent free! An ingenious game. 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

COMPLETE OUTFITS.

Printing Presses, Type & Engravers' Boxwood,

VANDERBURGH, WELLS & CO.,

16 & 18 DUTCH, cor. FULTON ST., New York.

Manufacturers of Superior Wood Type and Border.

Pattern and Brand Letters.

\$10 PRINTING PRESS—Just Out. Prints a form 5 by 7 1/2 inches. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.

W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Phila.

A NOVEL TO WIN THE HEARTS OF ALL.

The Romance of a Poor Young Girl,

BY

CHARLES GAYLER,

The successful Dramatist and Novelist, author of "P. T.," "Out of the Streets," etc.,

Will commence in No. 516 of the Great Family Paper,

Frank Leslie's

Chimney Corner,

Which will appear MONDAY, APRIL 5th.

With that Number will be given gratis a Beautiful Floral Chromo.

With No. 517, an elegant engraving, entitled

"MAY!"

Equal in execution to the finest French proofs, and charming in its subject.

With No. 518 another Floral Chromo, and with No. 519 another exquisite engraving.

"PLAYING THE MISCHIEF," by J. W. De Forest, and Florence Maryatt's singularly powerful story, "FIGHTING THE AIR," now appear in Frank Leslie's CHIMNEY CORNER. "Fighting the Air" is at this moment absorbingly interesting.

The Short Stories, by Annie Thomas, the celebrated English novelist; Mrs. Jane G. Austin; Stoddard; Miss Annie Frost and Mrs. Weiss, constantly appear, and, with the varied and attractive contents, make the CHIMNEY CORNER the most attractive family paper of the day.

Frank Leslie's CHIMNEY CORNER appears every Monday. Price, 10 cents; annual subscription, including postage, \$4.

Frank Leslie, No. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

